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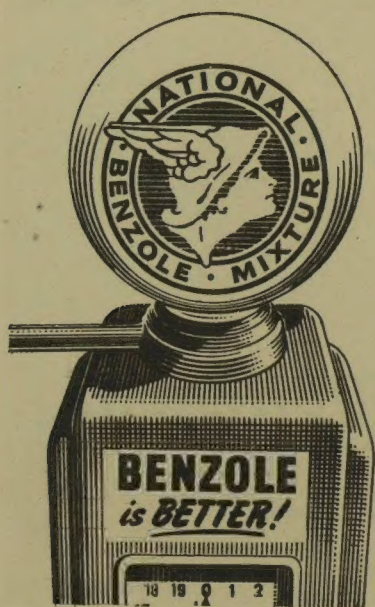
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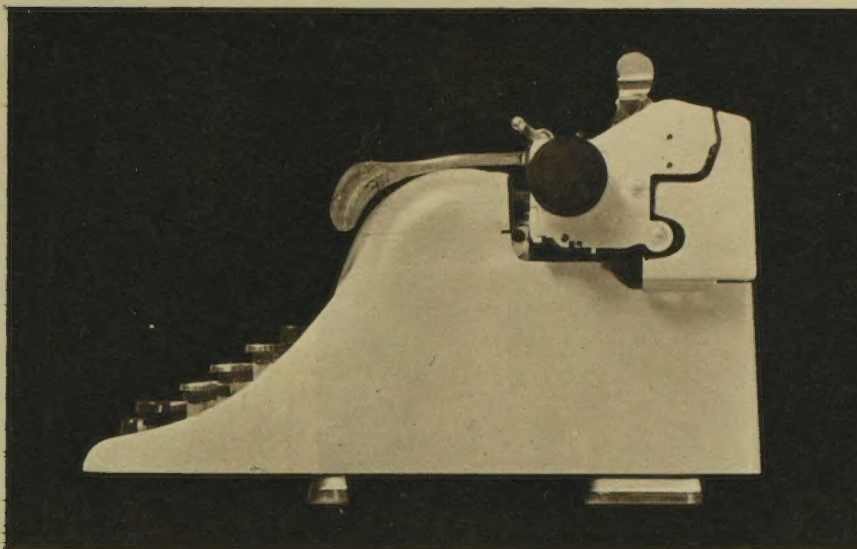
We derive from both art and literature the impression that picnics were once marked by a formality and a decorum which they lack today. How gracefully those crinolines billow upon the greensward! How attentively the young gentleman in tight breeches proffers what is quite possibly a bowl of syllabub to the lady in mauve! With what zeal are those two footmen in the background unpacking yet another hamper of viands! Things are much different when we have a picnic. The *venue* selected for the purpose appears idyllic. It is only after we have settled down that cows appear from nowhere to blow meditatively down the backs of our necks and we discover that the rug is spread over a densely populated colony of ants. The manners of our party lack that stylized courtliness which the artists were at pains to emphasize; we cannot, for instance, imagine the lady in mauve saying "Chuck us a scone" or "After you with the teaspoon".

There is, however, no future in regretting the past, and still less, as far as picnics are concerned, in trying to ape it. Even if we had those two footmen, there would be no room for them in the car. We know that we must cut our coat according to our cloth; and the same sort of thing applies to sandwiches.



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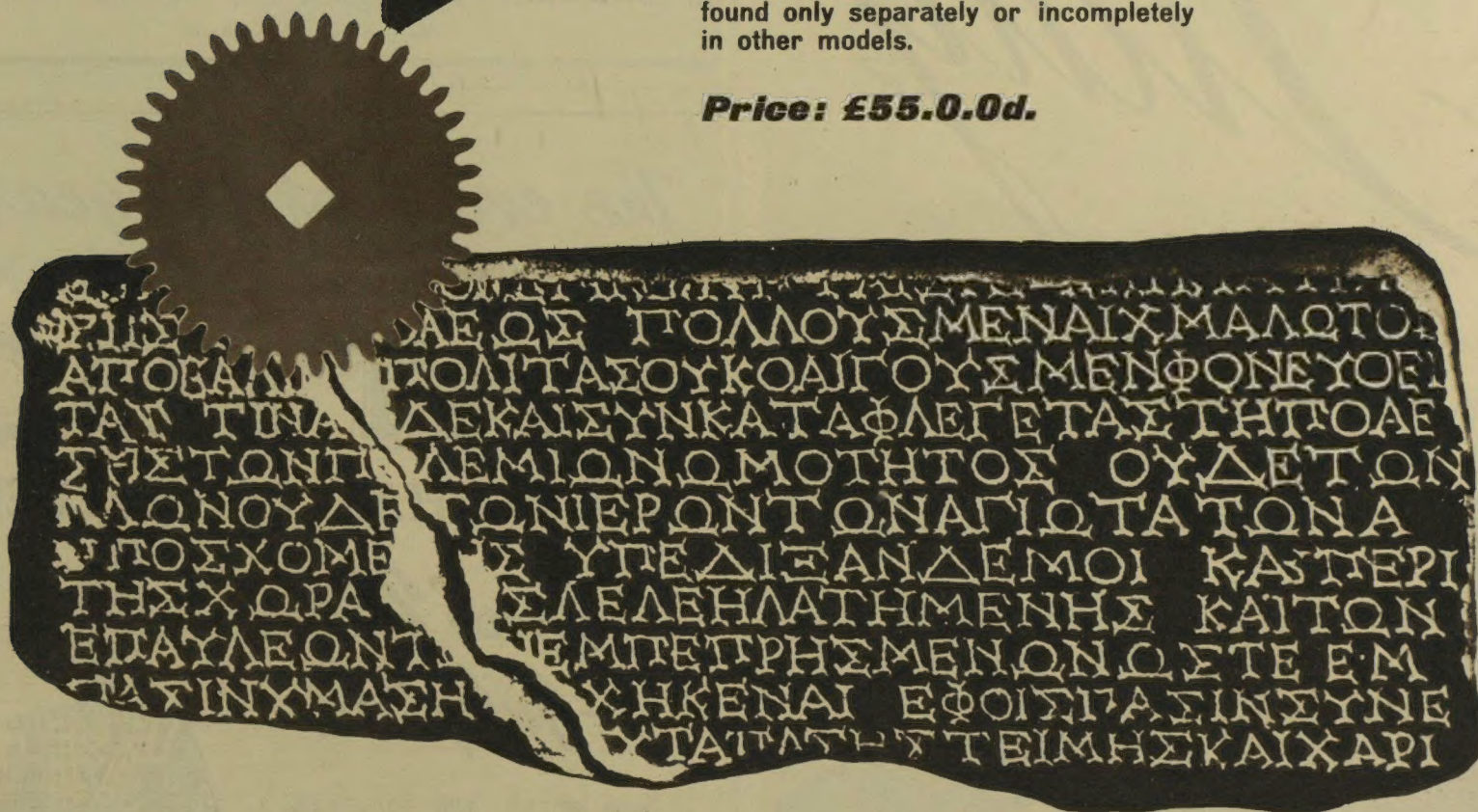
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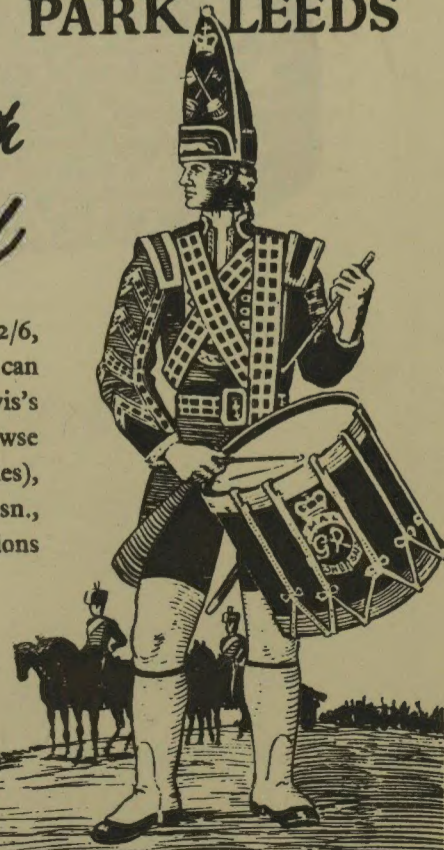
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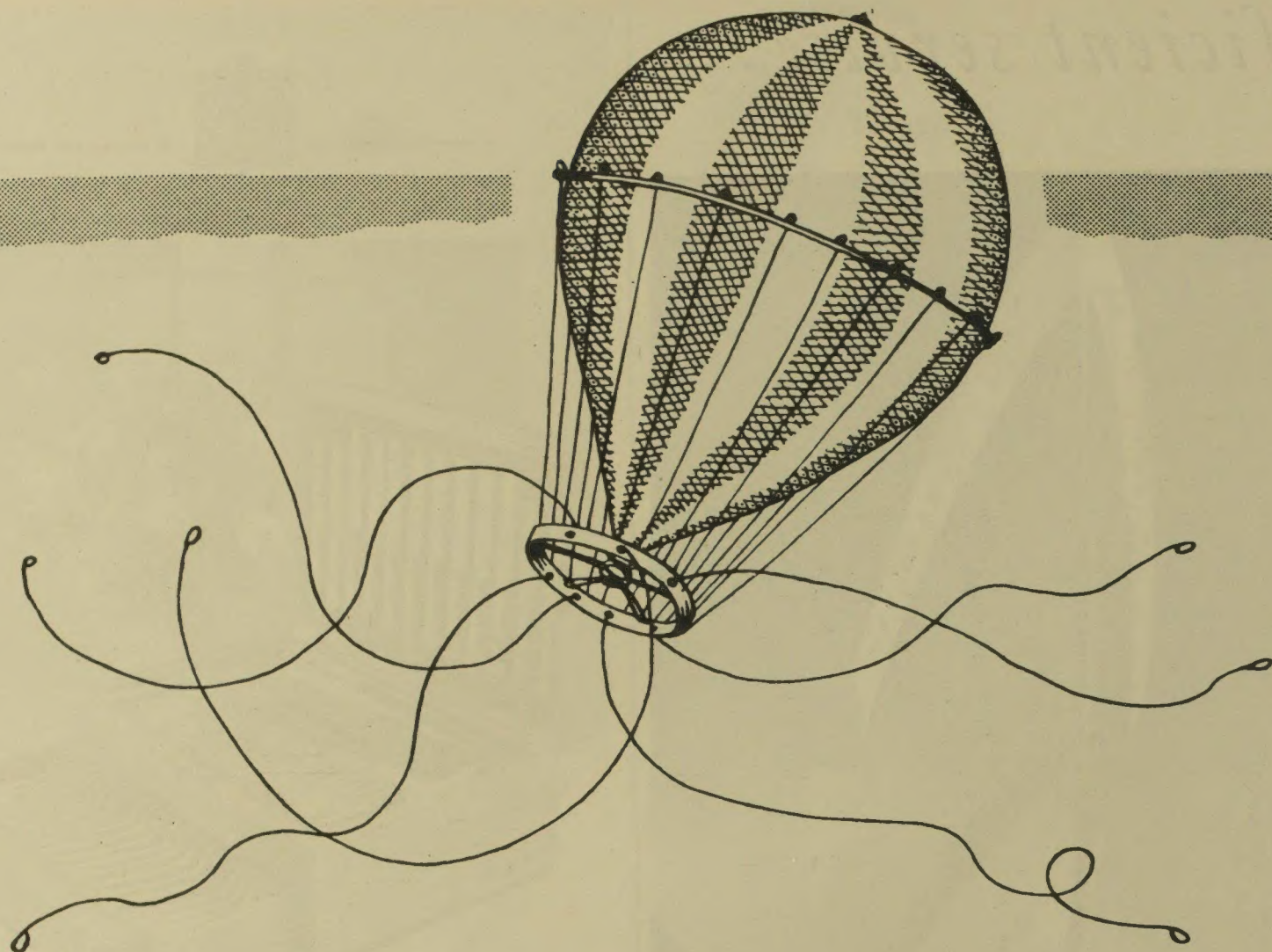


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SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1954.



"THE ANGEL OF DIEN BIEN PHU": Mlle. GENEVIEVE DE GALARD TERRAUBE SENDING A TELEGRAM TO HER MOTHER FROM LUANG PRABANG IMMEDIATELY AFTER HER RELEASE BY THE VIET-MINH.

Mlle. Genevieve de Galard Terraube, the twenty-nine-year-old French Air Force nurse, who was the only woman in the besieged fortress of Dien Bien Phu and who devotedly nursed the wounded in the underground hospital, was taken prisoner when it fell to Viet-Minh forces, after weeks of bombardment, on May 7. Great anxiety was felt for the safety of all the gallant defenders and not least for "the angel of Dien Bien Phu" herself. But after being held for eighteen days after the capture of the fortress, she was released by the Viet-Minh, and

arrived in Hanoi on May 24. On the following day Mlle. Genevieve de Galard told a Press conference something of her experiences in Dien Bien Phu. Two days after the fortress fell, a Viet-Minh officer gave permission for the wounded to be removed from the underground hospital where she was still nursing and this was, she said, "a wonderful relief, for many of the men had not seen the light of day for weeks." It is reported that Mlle. de Galard is flying to Paris to visit her mother and then returning to Indo-China.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

WHATEVER the virtues of twentieth-century democracy—and there are many, as we should soon realise were we to abandon it—a sense of public realism is hardly one of them. If the Herald's College were to be asked to design a crest and coat-of-arms for it, an ostrich with its head in the sand and the dates 1914, 1939 and 19—inscribed beneath, it might have the strongest claim to the place of honour. A cynic—though I am not one, for this is a comparative world in which all forms of government have their particular disadvantages and disabilities—might add a Goose Rampant, though scarcely in memory of the wakeful fowl who saved the Capitol. When the Christian civilisation of centuries was all but lost in 1914, and again in 1939, by the suicidal negligence of King Democracy and his courtiers, the politicians, it was no democratic institution that "saved the sum of things for pay." It was those undemocratic, disciplined and hierarchical institutions, the professional fighting Services. It was the Royal Navy, the Royal Air Force, the Brigade of Guards, the Regiments of the Line; the Royal Artillery, the Royal Armoured Corps, and other survivals of an older, more aristocratic world. It is just as well, while recalling with gratitude—though not complacency—the many virtues of Democracy, to bear this sobering thought in mind. For to the dates I have mentioned a third may still have to be added. Unless we keep a tight hold on reality, it may prove to be far more ominous than they.

Field Marshal Lord Montgomery is no enemy to democratic beliefs and practice. In the late war and after he did much to adapt democracy to the Army and the Army to democracy. Nor can anyone accuse him of lacking a sense of reality. He was the realist who, by his insistence on reality in military matters, gave us our first major victories. Speaking the other day in Paris to Press correspondents accredited to the Supreme Allied Headquarters, he broadcast some figures capable, one would have thought, of opening the eyes of even the most sanguine ostrich. They were concerned with the Soviet military forces in Europe. These consisted, he said, of 175 divisions in a state of permanent preparedness for instant war. Sixty-five of them were tank and mechanised divisions. Twenty-two of them were stationed in East Germany. Another eighty were in the territory of satellite countries—that is, of countries virtually conquered and absorbed by Soviet Russia since the war. Thus, more than 100 divisions are being permanently maintained in peacetime—nine years after the conclusion of hostilities in Europe—in territory to which Russia has no legitimate claim and whose peoples formerly governed themselves.

Altogether, according to Field Marshal Montgomery, Russia has more than 6,000,000 men under arms. She has 20,000 military aircraft, of which nearly all the fighters are jet-operated and about two-thirds of the bomber force. She has also 300 submarines, half of them large ocean-going types. In wartime these forces could be rapidly increased. The army, for instance, could be raised in a few weeks from 175 to 400 divisions. Every year the Soviet military strength and efficiency has grown and is growing. "The Russian economy," the Field Marshal pointed out, "has maintained a level of military production sufficient to provide equipment and supplies for the Soviet and satellite forces and still to pursue a programme of stock-piling." It is doing so steadily the whole time.

All this immense accumulation of military force—far greater than anything maintained by Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy before the war—can only have been designed, and can only be maintained, for one end: the conquest and subjugation of Russia's neighbours. This is not to say that it will necessarily be used for this purpose. That depends largely on the neighbours. But it can have been created for no other purpose, for it is ridiculous to suppose that all this vast array of arms has been designed

solely for defence. After the rest of the world had disarmed in 1946, there was no nation, or combination of nations, capable of attacking Russia except the United States, with its then monopoly of the atomic bomb, against which military force by itself, however vast, was useless. That the United States did not use its temporary monopoly of that weapon to enforce its will is a proof of the unreality of the Russian pretence that Russia and Communism are threatened by American aggression. In spite of the continued Russian occupation of more than half Eastern Europe and of repeated Russian acts of aggression and provocation during the latter 'forties, the United States scrupulously refrained from compelling her former ally to comply with international law and to respect international frontiers. At that time she could easily have done so. For the monopoly of the atomic bomb—achieved with British aid during the war—gave to the American Republic a might seldom possessed by any Power in human history. So long as no other nation possessed atomic weapons, no army, however vast, could have withstood the American will. For that brief period the military relationship between the United States and Soviet Russia was like that of the British *Raj* in the

nineteenth century and the ancient oriental peoples and primitive African and Australasian tribal communities it at that time controlled. It was a case of, "We have the Maxim gun and they have not!" Because, apparently, of the incompetence and carelessness of British, Canadian and American bureaucrats and the deplorable treachery of certain scientists, that period of American monopoly and ascendancy was short-lived. Yet America's restraint during it is the touchstone by which Russia's good faith in the matter of armaments can be measured. Her subsequent refusal to disarm, or even to halt the gathering momentum of her offensive armaments, is the measure of the sincerity of her so-called "peace" propaganda and of the gullibility of her dupes in the still-free and self-governing countries who swallow it. But for that vast Russian army one could, if one chose, believe in the Russian will for peace and claim to be logical and consistent. Its existence is the one, only and obvious threat to the peace of a world which is sickened of war and longing for peace. And it is that very longing, and the readiness of an undisciplined democracy to believe what it wants in the face of all the evidence to the contrary, that may transform that threat into war itself. Logic and experience compel one to realise that there is only one thing that can deter from aggressive war an authori-

tarian Government which maintains 6,000,000 men in arms in peace-time: the fear that aggressive war and victory may not be synonymous. The lords of the Kremlin are realists.

To avert war—and the further and perhaps final agony of our imperilled civilisation—two things are necessary: a deterrent military strength comparable to Russia's and a diplomacy whose object is peace, and whose ways are those of peace. We possess, if we do not throw them away, both: the means of making atomic war and the diplomacy of Anthony Eden. Given the necessary backing from his country—the backing of force and the backing of moral unity—the latter, with his humanity, moderation and burning desire for peace, may prove the most successful peace-maker of modern times. He may go down to history as an international statesman worthy to rank with Castlereagh and Beaconsfield, and the architect of a greater achievement than either. But a statesman can do nothing without his tools, and his tools in the international sphere are the backing of his country. In a democratic nation that backing depends on popular goodwill, and that goodwill in turn on popular understanding. To attempt to awaken our people to a realisation of what the Foreign Secretary is trying to achieve, and of the means by which he can alone achieve it, is a public duty of the first magnitude, and one which every-one who has the ear of any section of his countrymen should endeavour to fulfil.

THE HEROINE OF THE BATTLE OF DIEN BIEN PHU.



THE "TRUE SOLDIER": A PHOTOGRAPH OF Mlle. GENEVIEVE DE GALARD TERRAUBE IN HER MOTHER'S HOME IN PARIS; NEXT TO IT IS ONE OF THE LAST MESSAGES SHE RECEIVED FROM HER DAUGHTER FROM THE BELEAGUERED FORTRESS OF DIEN BIEN PHU.

While the world waited for news of the gallant defenders of the fortress of Dien Bien Phu, one woman in Paris never lost faith that she would ultimately hear good tidings of her daughter, Mlle. Genevieve de Galard Terraube, whom she described as "a true soldier." During the days and nights of anxiety this photograph of the young nurse, who was the only woman in the fortress, remained on a table in her mother's home and, standing next to it, the last telegram she received from her daughter in which she said that it was impossible to send more news but that "all was well." On May 3 as shells crashed on Dien Bien Phu, Brig.-General de Castries, Commander of the garrison, decorated Nurse Genevieve de Galard Terraube with the insignia of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Another photograph of this brave French Air Force nurse appears on our frontispiece, together with a brief account of her capture when the fortress of Dien Bien Phu was overwhelmed, and her subsequent release by the Viet-Minh and arrival in Hanoi.



AFTER ONE OF THE U.S. NAVY'S GREATEST PEACETIME DISASTERS: HELICOPTERS LANDING ON THE DECK OF THE CARRIER *BENNINGTON* TO TAKE ASHORE THE WORST CASUALTIES.



WITHIN SIX HOURS OF THE EXPLOSIONS WHICH KILLED AT LEAST 99 MEN, THE U.S.S. *BENNINGTON* REACHED QUONSET POINT AND THE INJURED WERE TAKEN ASHORE.



AT QUONSET POINT, WHICH SHE REACHED AT NOON AFTER THE EARLY-MORNING EXPLOSIONS IN WHICH AT LEAST 99 WERE KILLED AND ABOUT 200 INJURED: U.S.S. *BENNINGTON* (38,000 TONS).



AN OFFICER, WHO WAS THROWN OUT OF HIS BUNK BY THE EXPLOSION, SEARCHES THROUGH HIS FLYING GEAR IN THE DAMAGED "READY ROOM."



THE DAMAGED "READY ROOM" IN *BENNINGTON*, WHERE PILOTS STAND BY AND ARE BRIEFED: A GROUP OF AIRCRAFT HAD JUST BEEN LAUNCHED WHEN THE EXPLOSIONS TOOK PLACE.

ONE OF THE U.S. NAVY'S WORST PEACETIME DISASTERS: THE EXPLOSIONS IN U.S.S. *BENNINGTON*, IN WHICH 99 WERE KILLED.

At 6.20 a.m. on May 26, the U.S. Attack Aircraft-carrier *Bennington* (38,000 tons) was on her way from Norfolk, Virginia, to Quonset Point, Rhode Island. The first of her air groups had just been launched when two successive explosions shook the forward part of the ship on the second or third deck. Fire followed and, with much difficulty, was got under control. It was immediately apparent that casualties were very heavy; and while she was still at sea, a number of helicopters made repeated trips to take the most severely injured men to a naval

hospital at Newport. Those immediately killed totalled 89, but a number of the injured were in a very critical condition, and by May 30 the total of the dead had risen to 99, the original number of the injured being 201. This is one of the U.S. Navy's greatest peacetime disasters. It was at first thought that the explosion had started in the fuse store, but in the course of the inquiry which opened on May 27 it was suggested by a number of witnesses that the explosion may have originated in the hydraulic pumps of the launching catapult system.

"THE PEASANT POPE" IS SOLEMNLY DECLARED A SAINT :
ROME CEREMONIES FOR THE CANONIZATION OF PIUS X.



THE HUGE CROWDS AT THE CANONIZATION CEREMONIES: A VIEW FROM THE TOP OF ST. PETER'S BASILICA, SHOWING THE SCENE IN ST. PETER'S SQUARE.



BORNE IN PROCESSION PAST THE TENS OF THOUSANDS OF PILGRIMS IN ST. PETER'S SQUARE: A HUGE BANNER BEARING A PAINTING OF THE NEWLY-CANONIZED POPE PIUS X.



BEING BORNE INTO THE BASILICA OF SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE: THE CRYSTAL CASKET CONTAINING THE BODY OF THE NEW SAINT WHICH WAS EXPOSED FOR VENERATION NEAR THE ALTAR DURING A TRIDUUM OF THANKSGIVING.



KNEELING IN PRAYER: POPE PIUS XII. OUTSIDE ST. PETER'S. AFTER HE HAD PROCLAIMED POPE PIUS X. A SAINT ON MAY 29. AFTER A PERIOD OF PRAYER HIS HOLINESS INTONED *VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS*.



PROCLAIMED A SAINT ONLY FORTY YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH: POPE PIUS X. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY POSPISIL REPRODUCED FROM THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS OF APRIL 19, 1913.)

ONLY forty years after his death in 1914, Pope Pius X. was solemnly canonized on May 29. Forty Cardinals, 1000 Archbishops and Bishops and tens of thousands of pilgrims attended the ceremonies. The proclamation of the new saint, who is to be known as St. Pius X., was made by the Pope on the evening of May 29 in a ceremony which followed the centuries-old ritual. From the purple-draped Papal throne on the steps of St. Peter's Basilica, the Pope declared: "We decree and define as saint, and we inscribe in the Catalogue of Saints, the blessed Pius X." When the acts and decrees raising the new saint to the altars had been completed and his feast day had been defined by the Pope as August 20 (the anniversary of his death), the Pope delivered an address. The second part of the ceremonies of canonization were held in St. Peter's on May 30, when a Pontifical Mass was celebrated in the presence of the Pope. In the evening the body of the newly-canonized saint, in a bronze and crystal casket resting in a decorated coach, was drawn through the streets of Rome from St. Peter's to St. Maria Maggiore, where it was exposed for veneration near the altar.



THE CANONIZATION OF POPE PIUS X. : A VIEW OF THE SCENE OUTSIDE ST. PETER'S BASILICA IN ROME AFTER THE PROCLAMATION OF THE NEW SAINT. POPE PIUS XII. IS SEATED ON THE THRONE BENEATH THE CANOPY.

At an impressive ceremony in Rome on May 29 the Pope formally proclaimed the canonization of Pope Pius X. Giuseppe Melchiorre Sarto was born of humble parents at Riese, near Treviso, in 1835. He was ordained in 1858 and became Bishop of Mantua in 1884 and Cardinal Patriarch of Venice in 1893. In 1903 he was elected Pope in succession to Leo XIII. He died on August 20, 1914, being, it was said, heartbroken at the failure of his efforts to avert the war. The ceremonies of canonization were held in two parts, the first on the evening

of May 29 before the main door of St. Peter's, when "for, perhaps, the first time in the history of the Church" (as the Pope said in his address) the formal canonization of a Pope was proclaimed by another Pope who, as a member of the Roman curia, served the new saint during his rule as Pontiff. The photograph on this page shows part of the scene during the Pope's proclamation of the new saint, St. Pius X., and shows, hanging from the balcony, a huge painting of Pius X. which was unveiled during the ceremony.

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY CELEBRITY.

"SIR WILLIAM PETTY. PORTRAIT OF A GENIUS"; By E. STRAUSS.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"PORTRAIT OF A GENIUS" is Mr. Strauss's description of his book. There were men of Petty's own time who would fully have agreed to his description. Aubrey, who had "a sure eye for greatness when he saw it," praised his great learning and said that "his prodigious working wit" would have made him "an honour to the highest preferment." Pepys's "appreciation of Petty's conversation was very much that of the man of affairs; he noticed particularly that Petty had 'all his notions the most distinct and clear,' so that he appeared to Pepys one of the most rational men he ever heard speak with a tongue." But John Evelyn actually used the word "genius." He notes in his diary a dinner at Petty's splendid house in Piccadilly; though aware of his "mean" origin did not think of him as a parvenu, and, after sketching his history, goes on: "There is not a better Latin poet living [an exaggeration, perhaps, though Milton was dead] when he gives himself that diversion; nor is his excellence less in Council and prudent matters of state; but he is so exceeding nice in sifting and examining all possible contingencies, that he adventures at nothing which is not demonstration. There was not in the whole world his equal for a superintendent of manufacture and improvement of trade, or to govern a plantation. If I were a Prince, I should make him my second Counsellor, at least. There is nothing difficult to him. . . . Having never known such another genius, I cannot but mention these particulars, amongst a multitude of others which I could produce. . . . In a word, there is nothing impenetrable to him." That last phrase is not very hyperbolic. He was Jack-of-almost-all-Trades, and had a considerable mastery of most of them: even those prodigies of versatility, Benjamin Franklin and Count Rumford, can hardly hold a candle to him.

His variety was astonishing; his worldly success rapid; his enthusiasm unabated; his character paradoxical. He was born in 1623 the son of a small master-clothier in Romsey, Hants. Evelyn, with a fine disregard for details about the humble origins of so great a man, says he "was the son of a mean man somewhere in Sussex"—had Petty's father had a country "seat," the mistake about the county wouldn't have been made—but, to do Evelyn justice, when he met a really great man, that sort of thing wasn't worth bothering about. Petty, a small employer's son in a small town, went to the local school, and said later that his greatest delight had been to watch the artisans—"e.g., smiths, the watch-makers, joiners, etc.," and Aubrey reports that he could have worked at any of these trades by the time he had reached the age of twelve. By that time, also, he had "a competent smattering" of Latin, and some Greek. At fourteen he "ran away to sea," as the old phrase goes, as a cabin boy, with four-and-sixpence, partly gained by his wits, as working capital. "This 4s. 6d.," he says, "was laid out in France upon pitiful brass rings, with cold glass in them instead of diamonds and rubies. These I sold at home to the young fellows whom I understood to have sweethearts for treble what they cost. I also brought home two hair hats (which within these eleven years might have been seen) by which I gained a little less." He broke his leg; was stranded in France; obtained entrance (he was but fourteen) to the Jesuit College in Caen by addressing the Jesuits in a Latin poem, and maintained himself there, where he "obtained the

Latin, Greek and French tongues, the whole body of common Arithmetic, the practical Geometry and Astronomy conducing to navigation, dialling, etc., with the knowledge of several mathematical trades," by "trading in Bees Wax (two cakes of which had been sent to him, 'in relief of his calamity,' no doubt by his parents), playing-cards, white starch and hair hats, which 'he exchanged for tobacco pipes, and the shreds of leather and parchment wherewith to size paper.'" Within a year or so he withdrew from the Jesuits, was "preferred" into the King's Navy because of his mathematical equipment, and, after three years of mysterious service, left it "with as much mathematics as any of my age was known to have had"—and with £60 in cash. The increment was characteristic of him: later it could hardly be called Petty Cash. For two years now he systematically got himself educated in Holland and France, studying medicine (especially anatomy) at several universities, but also making notes about economic affairs which he used later. To maintain himself he worked for a time as a jeweller, profiting later by it when he wrote the "Dialogue of Diamonds." In Paris he met Thomas Hobbes. In 1646 he returned to England.

H.M.S. CENTAUR.



THE ROYAL NAVY'S LATEST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER: H.M.S. CENTAUR, SEEN FROM THE AIR DURING HER TRIALS, SHOWING HER ANGLED FLIGHT-DECK.

On page 844 of our issue of May 22, we showed a picture of the Royal Yacht *Britannia* being passed by an aircraft-carrier which was wrongly identified as H.M.S. *Centaur*. The ship in question was, in fact, H.M.S. *Implacable*. Above we reproduce an aerial view of H.M.S. *Centaur* seen during her trials. *Centaur* is the first aircraft-carrier of the Royal Navy to have an angled flight-deck—a British invention which has been adopted by the U.S. Navy—which allows faster and larger naval aircraft to operate more frequently and with more safety.

He was twenty-three and, characteristically, returned with £10 more than he started on his Grand Educational Tour with: whatever may be thought of his economic doctrines (and he was the father of modern scientific economics), his economic practice was superb, if not always quite—well, sporting. For some years he studied intermittently at Brasenose, because he wanted a medical degree: "on the side" he wrote certain treatises, tutored boys in London, and began his career as an inventor by patenting a double-writing instrument which enabled him to produce "two copies exactly resembling one another of the first chapter of the Hebrews in one quarter of an hour, being in less time than a professed writer wrote one copy." The specification is oddly worded: but I suppose that one ought not to jump to the conclusion that this ingenious engine could copy only from the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the first chapter at that. Equipped with the M.D. he became, at twenty-nine, physician to the Army in Ireland, proceeding to the "Down Survey" of all Ireland, a superb cartographical effort, in which he employed a thousand men, and which resulted in his acquiring enormous estates confiscated from those who had taken part, or were merely alleged to have taken part, in the rebellion of 1641.

He became Henry Cromwell's secretary, when that man was Lord Lieutenant; the accession of Charles II. led to his becoming Surveyor-General of Ireland and a Knight. King Charles liked him, and at first was interested in his scheme for a double-keeled sea-going boat, of which some specimens were made. But when the King—whose intellect was unusually cool and comprehensive—learnt that the ship would draw only 1 ft. of water, he turned the notion down, because the Dutch, who could build and use only ships navigable in shallow waters, would profit by it, as against ourselves, who had deep harbours. Petty sat in Parlia-

ment, was a Fellow of the Royal Society, became extremely rich (he would have been richer still had not greed made him very litigious) and regarded himself as a failure in life.

Why? Because, like the inhabitants of Laputa, he was a born "projector." He wanted riches (though he didn't mind living very frugally) because riches ought to pave the way to power. When a peerage was offered to him without a corresponding executive job he refused it, as a barren title didn't interest him. His head hummed with schemes. He was a Free Trader, or near it; he believed in Unemployment Benefit (not out of charitable feeling but for purely economical reasons); he advocated universal Education on the same grounds; and, if some of his notions of improvement were fantastically unpractical, others show him to have been hundreds of years ahead of his time.

He pitied himself and all other genuine improvers. The general run of men were so slow, so stupid, so sceptical. "Not one of an hundred [inventors] outlives this torture," he wrote. If he had concentrated on one or two reforms, like Lord Shaftes-

bury (I don't mean the villainous one of Petty's time) or Samuel Plimsoll, he might perhaps have done something: he had a great mind, an extraordinary imagination, vast knowledge of facts, few prejudices (except against clergymen and lawyers) and a charming and persuasive tongue. But when a man comes along and asks people to remould the entire world according to his desire, they tend to think him too much of a good thing; in other words, dangerous. Petty, as a "projector" of one or two schemes, might in the end have been regarded as sound, if considered a crank at the beginning. But a man who tells people that *all* their institutions and habits need violent alteration (Petty had views on everything, from Continental Alliances to Music) will be, and will continue to be, regarded as a quite intolerable crank.

But his shade need not be unquiet. He left his mark on thought. This is not the first book about him and will not be the last. There are still unpublished papers of his at Bowood (his daughter married an ancestor of the Lansdownes) and Mr. Strauss must have successors.

His book is very readable and his quotations delightful.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 974 of this issue.



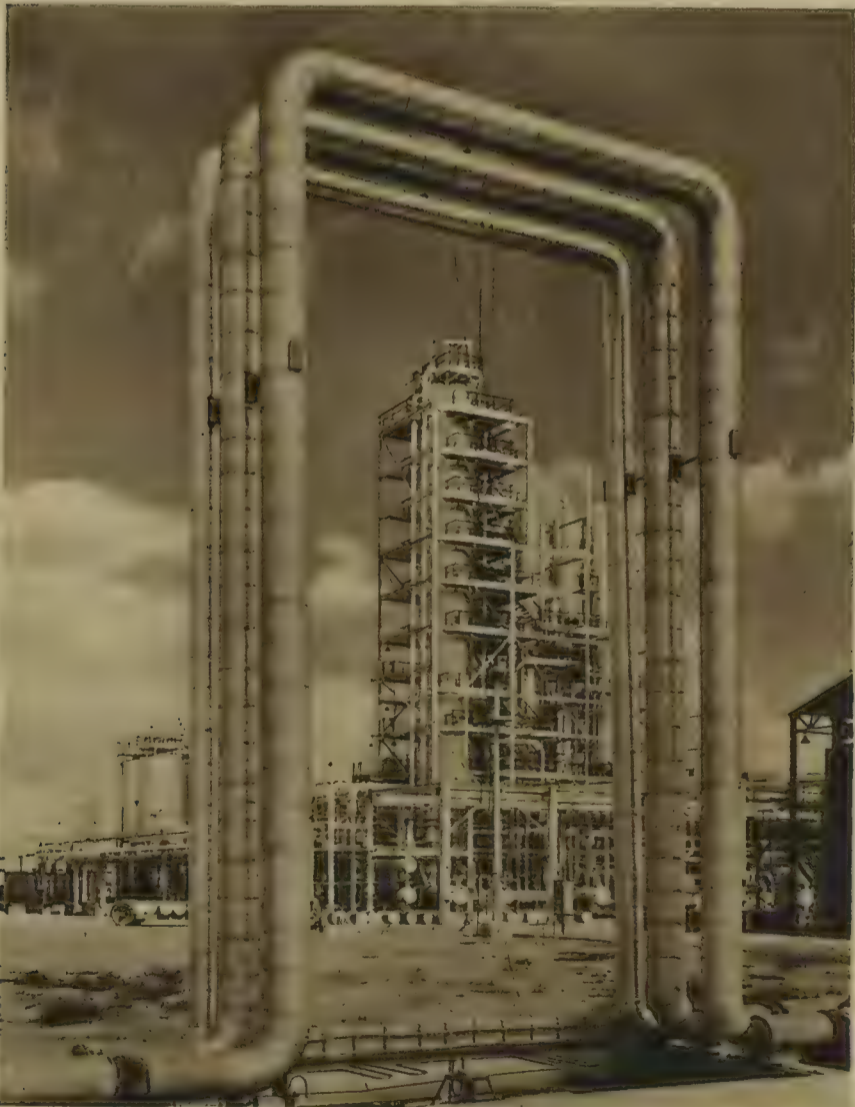
MR. E. STRAUSS, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. E. Strauss, who is forty-three, was born in Vienna. He came to this country in 1938 and is now a naturalised British subject. He has written a number of books, including: "Soviet Russia: Anatomy of a Social History"; "Bernard Shaw: Art and Socialism" and "Irish Nationalism and British Democracy."

* "Sir William Petty: Portrait of a Genius." By E. Strauss. Portrait Frontispiece. (Bodley Head; 25s.)



THE CRUDE DISTILLATION UNIT: ONE COLUMN (LEFT) SEPARATES CRUDE OIL INTO LIGHT AND HEAVY COMPONENTS, AND ONE (RIGHT) DIVIDES THE HEAVY COMPONENTS.



SEEN THROUGH EXPANSION BENDS IN THE UTILITY PIPE-TRACKS: THE FURFURAL UNIT AT CORYTON REFINERY, ONE OF THE UNITS WHICH PROCESS LUBRICATING OIL STOCKS.

MARSH LAND "TRANSFORMED INTO THE THROBBING HEART OF A GREAT INDUSTRY": THE VACUUM OIL COMPANY'S NEW CORYTON OIL REFINERY, OPENED BY HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER ON MAY 27.

On May 27 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother sailed down the Thames from Tower Bridge in the Port of London Authority's steam yacht *St. Katharine*, to declare open the newly completed refinery of the Vacuum Oil Company at Coryton, Essex. It was decided to construct the refinery in 1950, and work started that autumn; and in her speech the Queen Mother referred to the short time in which what had been marsh land had been transformed into "the throbbing heart of a great industry." The construction work, which cost £15,000,000, was undertaken in three phases: the Power House, Crude Distillation Unit and Thermal Reformer; four processing units for the manufacture of lubricating oil stocks; and, finally,



INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR MOUNTED BY 57 H.A.A. REGIMENT, ROYAL ARTILLERY, BEFORE ENTERING THE MARQUEE TO DECLARE THE REFINERY OPEN: H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER.



THE ONLY UNIT OF ITS KIND IN BRITAIN: THE THERMOFORM CATALYTIC CRACKING UNIT, WHICH USES A BEAD CATALYST IN THE PRODUCTION OF HIGH-QUALITY MOTOR SPIRIT.

the Thermoform Catalytic Cracking Unit, which increases motor spirit quality and quantity produced; and is the only one of its kind in Britain. The opening ceremony was performed before a distinguished company, who included the American Ambassador and Mrs. Aldrich; and her Majesty, in referring to the Anglo-American character of the project, said that "our friends from the United States" were greeted as comrades in the field of industry as warmly as they had been as comrades-in-arms. The guard of honour consisted of a detachment from 57 H.A.A. Regiment, Royal Artillery, from Orsett Camp, the regiment which did such valuable work in the district during the East Coast floods.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

IN his speech at the Press luncheon at Chelsea Flower Show this year, the new—and most welcome—President of the R.H.S., the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon,

told how, year after year, with unfailing regularity, the old familiar remark crops up: "Of course, one Chelsea is very like any other Chelsea," and he explained why, superficially, they could hardly fail to be alike. Chelsea, after all, is always held—at Chelsea, and at exactly the same time of year. How true! And what better and lovelier time could be chosen for the greatest flower show on earth?

For over fifty years I have been attending Chelsea and its predecessors, the old Temple Shows, first as an amateur, a spectator, then for a long spell as a nurseryman-exhibitor, and recently again as a spectator and an amateur. On four or five occasions I was abroad, and detested missing the Show. And to-day I would hate to miss a Chelsea, though my attitude towards it has altered, modified. I now feel about Chelsea Shows rather as I feel about potatoes. I am not particularly fond of potatoes, but they have become a sort of habit, so that I miss them horribly if they are not there. Now and then, too, people do quite clever and pleasant things with them. And Chelsea? As far as I am concerned there are far too many plants there, and far too many other people. This year, however, the snag of surplus mammal population did not arise as far as I was concerned. As a Pressman and a committee-man I saw the Show in comfort, in its last stages of preparation, and before the 50,000 or 60,000 Fellows arrived for the private view. Yet with this complete freedom of movement, and of view, I missed far more of interest than I managed to see.

This year several important gardens were, for one reason or another, not represented by exhibits, notably Exbury, the Savill garden at Windsor, and Bodnant.

The R.H.S. garden at Wisley, however, excelled itself with its two exhibits in the great marquee. An extensive island site around the Obelisk was planted as an azalea garden. The ground had been pleasantly undulated and from a ground-cover of cool moss sprang a collection of azaleas, some of them named varieties and many unnamed seedlings. The predominating colours were paler and darker yellows, with just a few—a discreet few—red and orange specimens to sparkle things up. The fresh larch-green foliage of a couple of specimens of that interesting conifer, the so-called "living fossil," *Metasequoia glyptostroboides*, towering in graceful 12- to 15-ft. pyramids, were most effective among the azaleas, whilst a shapely and much taller conifer, which appeared to be a well-grown specimen of *Cupressus lausoniana*, proved on close inspection to be the Obelisk itself cleverly camouflaged with branches of cupressus. That Wisley exhibit was a delightful rest to the eye amid the almost blinding colour-barbarities of some of the surrounding floral exhibits. It came, too, as a pleasant change after some rhododendron exhibits in recent years of species and hybrids—especially hybrids—which can only be grown in very mild and favoured climates, and which almost stun one with the vivid violence of their sanguinary tones. Not far from this cool and restful woodland azalea garden there was an extremely interesting and

CHELSEA, 1954.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

charmingly arranged exhibit of a great number of the hardy plants which have been introduced to cultivation in this country since the R.H.S. was started, exactly 150 years ago. Particularly striking in this group were well-flowered specimens of that superb blue poppy, *Meconopsis grandis*, a sturdy, upstanding perennial species, with immense, saucer-shaped blossoms of pure vivid blue.

In one matter, one Chelsea is certainly very like another, and has been for perhaps a hundred or more years—namely, the table exhibits of Show auriculas from "The House of Douglas," as the old firm delightfully calls itself. I had a chat with the current Douglas as I had chatted with his grandfather half a century ago, and I persuaded him to sell me a truly astonishing seedling green auricula. The blossoms are jade-green, powdered over and edged with silver-white meal, and with a circular centre of white paste. Probably this treasure would not pass muster as a show

to mid-Victorian times, when folk had the fuel and the labour to cope with such plants. Not only is Mr. Mason a skilful cultivator, but a successful plant collector as well.

He has just returned from New Guinea with a harvest of plants, and is, I understand, continually going off on such expeditions. Among the most colourful and decorative of his exotics were a number of gold and red variegated pineapple plants—leaf crowns only.

In R. Wallace's lily garden two things especially delighted me—the fine *Lilium auratum* "Crimson Queen," with its wide bands of crimson down the centre of the petals; and a blackbird, who was busy a yard or two from where I stood, lugging a splendid worm out of the newly-laid turf path. He ate it, and then disappeared into a forest of lily-stems. This in the great 3½-acre marquee. He was only just in time.

Half an hour later the crowd that surged in barely left standing-room, even for a blackbird.

Many of Wheatcroft's roses rather frighten me, but there was one this year—"Wheatcroft's Golden Polyantha"—which greatly attracted me. Its not-too-fully-petalled, middle-sized flowers, carried in loose heads with plenty of pleasant buds, were pure soft gold, and slightly fragrant. Another fine yellow rose was *Rosa xanthina* "Canary Bird" on Notcutt's exhibit. This struck me as perhaps the finest of the yellow single-briar roses. The arched sprays carried immense quantities of blossoms. There has been a great falling-off during recent years in the number of rock-gardens in the open at Chelsea. This year there were only four. Whitelegg's rock-garden in Westmorland water-worn limestone was well built and well planted. The stream with pools and little falls was delightfully managed. It was a rock-garden in which one could profitably garden. In the only

other rock-garden of any size the chief feature was an arched stone bridge, built, oddly enough, without any keystone. This bridge seemed to me to be somewhat over-important for the relative unimportance of the tiny stream which it crossed, and for the only object to which it led—a rather dejected lilac bush. The only accommodation for alpine and rock-plants in this garden seemed to be high plateaux supported by great featureless slabs of sandstone rock. Perched up there, almost above eye-level, the plants would be almost as difficult to see as to tend.

Among the new and rare plants to receive the Award of Merit I was glad to see that fine tree pæony, *Paonia lutea* var. *ludlowii*. This is a truly magnificent plant, with extremely beautiful foliage and blossoms like tea-cups in pure gold, carried well above the leaves. It is hardy, easy to grow, and soon makes a sizeable bush. But at present it is somewhat scarce.

But how foolish to set out to write about so vast and magnificent an affair as Chelsea! All that I have attempted is to mention, in the most random way, a very few of the things which appealed most strongly to me personally. And perhaps you wanted to hear all about the lawn-mowers, the clothes, and the greenhouses. Of the last-named I can only tell one thing. Clothes seem to grow larger and larger as the years pass. This year I was left wondering where clothes end and where greenhouses begin.



"THIS YEAR [AT CHELSEA], HOWEVER, THE SNAG OF SURPLUS MAMMAL POPULATION DID NOT ARISE AS FAR AS I WAS CONCERNED. AS A PRESSMAN AND A COMMITTEE-MAN I SAW THE SHOW IN COMFORT, IN ITS LAST STAGES OF PREPARATION": MR. ELLIOTT (BACK TO THE CAMERA) AMONG THE ROCK-PLANT STANDS IN THE GREAT MARQUEE, WITH MRS. ELLIOTT (LEFT) TALKING TO AN EXHIBITOR.

flower among auricula experts, but it was good enough to go into Douglas's exhibit, and is certainly good enough—probably too good—for me. They are not the easiest things to grow well.

On the Six Hills Nursery table rock-garden exhibit I came upon a plant that was new to me, and one of the few for which I placed an order whilst at the Show. It was probably one of the smallest plants in all Chelsea, a dwarf, compact Catspaw, *Antennaria* Nyewoods variety. A close silvery carpeter with little heads of bright ruby-red everlasting flowers on stems little more than an inch high. This rock-garden exhibit was built with well-weathered tufa rock and was a practical and convincing example of rock-building and planting, and there were many rare and choice things among the less rare but invaluable species. The lovely *Campanula allionii*, "Silver Bells," was there, and the rather temperamental *Calceolaria darwinii* from Patagonia, with its astonishing great slipper-flowers in gold, mahogany-red and snow-white on 3-in. stems. But rarest of all was the delightful little *Chrysanthemum alpinum*, with its clean gold-and-white ox-eyes. This high alpine is abundant in many parts of the Alps, but usually most difficult to achieve in the garden. I do not remember having ever seen the plant at any Chelsea Show before.

The great exhibit of tropical and semi-tropical plants brought by Mr. L. M. Mason was like a return



THE ROYAL HOSPITAL GARDENS DURING THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW: AN AIR VIEW DOMINATED BY THE HUGE MARQUEE, CLAIMED TO BE THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD, WHERE FLOWERS, FRUIT AND VEGETABLES ARE DISPLAYED.

This air view of the Royal Hospital Grounds during the Royal Horticultural Society's Chelsea Show (held last week and illustrated on other pages) is dominated by the huge marquee in which plants, flowers, fruit and vegetables are displayed. Until 1951 a series of tents arranged parallel with each other were used; but in 1951, Festival of Britain year, one huge tent was constructed by Piggott Brothers, and at the inaugural lunch of the Show, the late Lord Aberconway, then President of the R.H.S., said it was the largest in the world; a statement supported in a Transatlantic Quiz held later; and on a subsequent occasion the late Lord Aberconway remarked that if America did build a larger marquee, the R.H.S. would have to enlarge theirs. It is 310 ft. long by 480 ft. wide, and every third year

new canvas is used for its construction, the amount required being 18½ miles of 36-in.-wide canvas. The Rock Gardens are situated on a bank giving on to the boundary of Chelsea Embankment; the Gardens lie between the tree-bordered Main and Eastern Avenues, to the right of the marquee; with, further right, Ranelagh Gardens, where refreshment tents are situated. Chelsea Barracks may be distinguished on the extreme right, beyond Chelsea Bridge Road. The fine Wren Royal Hospital Building (built 1682-92) beyond the marquee is dwarfed by it. Behind it, in the background, is the open space of Burton Court, and the oval open space (right background) belongs to the Duke of York's H.Q. The bridge over the Thames is Chelsea Bridge. (Photograph by Aerofilms Ltd.)



REFLECTIONS IN A POOL BORDERED WITH SPIRÆA AND PRIMULAS, AND WITH A WHITE MARBLE STATUE FACING AN ARBOUR: A FORMAL GARDEN BY R. HANCOCK AND SONS.

THE CHELSEA SHOW IN THE ROYAL ROYAL VISITORS AND SOME OF



A HERBACEOUS BORDER CONTAINING LUPINS, AZALEAS, RHODODENDRONS AND DELPHINIUMS, WITH A FLAGGED PATH SET IN THE TURF BESIDE IT: A VIEW OF THE GARDEN BY WINKFIELD MANOR NURSERIES.



ADMIRING THE GOLD MEDAL WINNING ROCK-GARDEN OF CAVIN JONES NURSERIES: HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET DURING THEIR VISIT ON MAY 25. SOME OF THE FOUR ROCK-GARDENS STRUCK A FRESH NOTE IN DESIGN.



CONSTRUCTED WITH MINIATURE WATERFALLS AND ROCKS ARRANGED IN CLASSIC STYLE, WITH NUMEROUS VARIETIES OF ROCK PLANTS



A "FLORAL WEDDING SCENE" DEVISED BY WINKFIELD MANOR NURSERIES, WITH MISS EUNICE GAYSON AS THE BRIDE, HOLDING A BOUQUET OF CATTLEYA ORCHIDS AND GREEN AND RED CYPRIPEDIUM ORCHIDS. A VASE OF FIVE BLOOMS STANDS IN THE BACKGROUND.



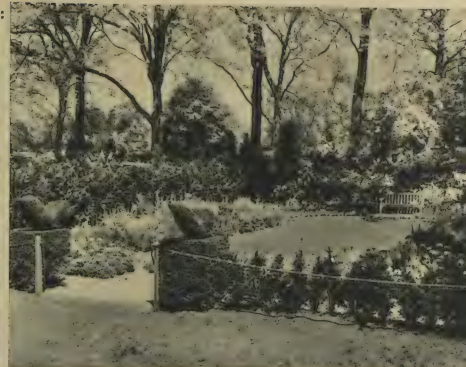
AWARDED A GOLD MEDAL: A FORMAL GARDEN EXHIBITED BY W. WALLACE AND CO. THE RED BRICK SQUARES ARE BORDERED BY GREY STONE AND THE L-SHAPED BEDS ARE PLANTED WITH NYVOSOTIS.

THE rough winds which shook "the darling buds of May" with disagreeable persistence this year troubled exhibitors at the Royal Horticultural Society's Spring Show for weeks in advance and made Fellows and other enthusiasts feel apprehensive; but on May 25 the weather relented and seasonable sunshine lit the grounds of the Royal Hospital and filtered into the huge marquees where what must be the world's most wonderful display of flowers was set out. New features of the famous show, to which the President of the R.H.S., the Hon. David Bowles-Lyon, called attention in his speech at the inaugural lunch, included the exhibit showing plants which have been introduced to this country since the Society's foundation 150 years ago. Many species of plant now common in our gardens are the result of careful nurturing from

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S 150TH YEAR: THE MANY NOTABLE EXHIBITS.



INCLUDING GLOXINIAS MASSES IN BRILLIANT FORMATION IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND: THE DISPLAY OF ANNUAL AND GREENHOUSE FLOWERS FROM SEED BY SUTTON AND SONS, AWARDED A GOLD MEDAL.



WITH TOPIARY WORK ON EITHER SIDE OF THE ENTRANCE: A FORMAL TREE-AND-SHRUB GARDEN FEATURING SPIRÆA AND OTHER FLOWERS; BY J. CHEAL AND SONS.



TO SIMULATE NATURAL OUTCROPS ON A HILLSIDE: THE ROCK-GARDEN BY GEORGE C. WHITELEGG, AWARDED A GOLD MEDAL.



INSPECTING THE INFORMAL GARDEN BY ROBINSONS' GARDENS: H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET STANDING BESIDE THE POOL BORDERED BY ROCKS AND SHRUBS. HER MAJESTY ACCEPTED BLOOMS OF THE NEW "QUEEN ELIZABETH" ROSE AND THE CARNATION "MONTY'S TINY."



SHOWING THE POOL AND FOUNTAIN, MARBLE SEAT AND FLOWER-POTS: A VIEW OF THE FORMAL GARDEN, FRAMED IN VARIOUS FLOWERING SHRUBS EXHIBITED BY PERCY S. CANE AND AWARDED A GOLD MEDAL.

specimens collected by Hooker and Delavay in Nepal, Hunnan and China in the latter part of the last century; and, more recently, from expeditions to the Himalayas, Tibet, Burma and China by E. H. Wilson, Forrest and Kingdon Ward, among others. The orchids brought from Singapore by Mrs. Gracia Lewis were another remarkable feature. She had a special stand, with sprays of lovely blooms gathered not many days ago in Malaya and flown to this country. The Royal family showed their interest in horticulture by visiting the Show as is their usual custom, and the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone and the Earl of Athlone all made tours of the exhibits on May 25.



WITH HER SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER, H.M. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT: H.M. THE DUCHESS OF KENT, WHO VISITED THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW ON MAY 25 AND TOURS THE HUGO MARQUEE WHERE THE GROUPS OF FLORISTS' FLOWERS WERE DISPLAYED; AND THE GARDENS.

"D-DAY," the Allied landing in the Bay of the Seine, the start of the invasion of North-West Europe, was June 6, 1944, ten years ago. This is one of the momentous dates of the Second World War. I ask myself, as I look back upon it, whether history will record the mood that preceded it—I am speaking not of the mood of the general public, but of that of the better-informed people in this country. History may declare that the odds were so heavily in favour of the invaders, with their overwhelming superiority in the air and the surprise they achieved as regards the landing-place, that no other result than success was to be expected. Perhaps history will be right in this verdict, though I am by no means sure that a catastrophe on the beaches in the first couple of days was an impossibility. Yet there existed, in fact, acute anxiety before the event which, as everyone, including the Germans, knew, was shortly to come.

So far as my experience went, those who had given most thought and intelligence to the problem felt that it was going to be a near-run thing. This in itself was a very grave reflection. There could be nothing in the nature of a drawn battle. British and Americans must win complete success or suffer utter defeat. The enemy would never let up in face of the threat. He would be beaten or he would be victorious on the spot, at all events quite close to the beaches on which the landing was to take place. And when one came to reflect upon the consequences of a victory for the defence one felt chilled. That would, without any doubt, involve withdrawal. Such a withdrawal might be effected under powerful air cover without enormous losses, but it would cause an almost inconceivable setback. The greatest Allied effort of the war would have been disorganised. Britain would have remained exposed to a bombardment by long-range weapons which would eventually have reduced London to the state of Berlin. The effects of the psychological shock

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

D-DAY IN RETROSPECT.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

look at the business from the point of view of the other side. Here there was no justification for counting on even 5 per cent. of what Ludendorff called "the soldier's luck," even though it was reasonable to hope for a much larger percentage.

This planning called for two types of co-operation: between the commands and staffs of the United Kingdom and the United States and that between the forces of land, sea and air. On the latter side there is less to be said than on the former. The lessons of adversity, just on five years' experience in the British forces—though only half that time in the American—and long study had raised inter-service co-operation to a very high standard. It is a virtue which flourishes most in war, and is apt to decline in peace because jealousies then do less harm on the surface, though, in fact, they may do untold harm within the fighting forces. The other form of co-operation, British and American, is of the greatest interest, and, though much has already been written about it, is still worth further consideration. It was something which had never previously existed in war.

It was also something which did not exist elsewhere in this war. When our Prime Minister informed Marshal Stalin in detail of the landing and the first fighting, the latter, though then at his most friendly, replied simply that a big Russian offensive would take place that summer—somewhere and at some time. As we remember, Hitler kept his chief allies, Italy and later Japan—in the dark. Italy sometimes, and Japan always, treated Germany in the same way.

because not one of the hard-fought battles still lying ahead could rank in importance with this occasion.

I return, in ending this article, to the factor of Anglo-American co-operation, which appears to me to possess particular significance as we come to the tenth anniversary of this great feat of arms. Everyone knows by now that strong differences of opinion appeared before the end of the

operations in North-West Europe. Some were strategic on a level so high that they must be called political; some were purely military. They were due in great part to differences in national outlook and temperament, which are quite capable of influencing strategic ideas. In certain cases they are seriously to be regretted. In the years that have gone by since the war came to an end, there have likewise been differences of opinion, disputes and misunderstandings. One of the worst has occurred recently at the Geneva Conference, on the question of a security pact for South-East Asia. Critics in both countries have been declaring that Anglo-American co-operation has been dealt a deadly blow, and some of them are clearly hoping that it will be mortal.

What is most unhappy about the affair is that, so far as can at the time of writing be ascertained, it has been concerned mainly with a question of the timing of policy. Mr. Dulles and the State Department appeared to have given up hope that anything useful would emerge from the Conference, whereas Mr. Eden and the Foreign Office had not. There may be some hidden issues which go deeper, and it does not follow that British and American policy on South-East Asia can be brought into line quickly after the Conference. I am not, however, dealing at length with this question at the moment. I have alluded to it only in approaching my point that the closest and smoothest possible relations between the two countries are as essential now as they were ten years ago. If, as has often been said, such relations



WHEN "THE MEN OF D-DAY, BRITISH AND AMERICANS, FOUGHT TO SAVE THE WORLD": THE INVASION OF NORMANDY ON JUNE 6, 1944, RECALLED IN A REPRODUCTION OF A PAINTING OF THE SCENE BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.

In his article on this page Captain Cyril Falls looks back, just ten years afterwards, to one of the vital battles in the history of the world when British and American troops established the first beach-heads in the Bay of the Seine at the start of the invasion of North-West Europe. We reproduce above a painting by our special artist, C. E. Turner, planned with the assistance of Commander Anthony Kimmins, R.N., which appeared in our issue of June 17, 1944. It shows the first

landings on the beaches and sums up the D-Day scene when the troops "fought with a spirit to be likened to a flame." Every man among them knew that this was the supreme test, that here victory must be won." Our artist's picture shows landing-craft bringing in troops and equipment and units being directed to their tasks by the Beach Master (left foreground). In the distance warships are shelling an enemy battery. (Drawn by our special artist, C. E. Turner.)

were impossible to estimate. We might have had to fall back on entirely new war plans, inevitably weaker.

It would not be practicable to attempt to deal in one article with the problems involved, which were numbered by the score. Among the major ones were those of air preparation and support, naval escort, the securing of the first foothold on beaches bristling with every conceivable device to render them inhospitable, deception of the enemy, material and equipment required at the outset, and the priority of that which was to follow. One of the outstanding necessities was a correct appreciation of the speed at which the enemy could concentrate and of the extent to which special measures would delay his doing so. The importance of this consideration is obvious when we consider that the initial landing frontage was one of only five divisions, plus three necessarily scattered airborne divisions, and that no means of increasing it existed. Unbidden visions of the Allies ringed in by twice or thrice their strength visited many minds.

If ever there was a "set piece" in war it was on this occasion. Every detail had been planned in advance and the whole scheme was of extraordinary complexity. This was as it should have been. Sometimes the operations of modern war are over-planned, with resultant rigidity and failure to seize fleeting opportunity, but here there could be no question of that. Immense material strength had been assembled. It was backed by high courage and by an enthusiasm rare at such a late stage of a long and arduous war. These factors were, of course, essential, but they could not bring success unless backed by the most thorough planning. It was also necessary that an objectivity far greater than the ordinary should be introduced into the planning. The most dispassionate planner is apt to allow his side something, even when he tries to

As for Germany's other allies, they had virtually to do what they were bidden. The Anglo-American co-operation was of a very different kind. It had no parallel either in the closest military alliances of the past. Staffs were interlocked till they became one. Nor was this material organisation material only. It was enveloped in a spirit of co-operation. Officers became deeply imbued with it. Those who were clearly lacking in it were not retained in their posts. The British Prime Minister told General Eisenhower that he would remove any senior British commander who failed to give him satisfaction. I have spoken of the widespread belief that it would be touch-and-go. I believe still that the advance planning made the difference between success and failure. Anglo-American co-operation, or integration, was a vital element in the planning.

It would be a complete mistake to believe that planning alone did the business, or could have done it. The troops were given all such advantages as human foresight could provide them with. Yet no human foresight can take the place of courage and determination; nor can it rule out chance. Accidents are inevitable in war, and there were some here which seemed for a time likely to prejudice the success of the undertaking. They were retrieved by men who were determined not to be stopped by any obstacle. These troops fought with a spirit to be likened to a flame. Every man among them knew that this was the supreme test, that here victory must be won. Even the best of armies know few such days as this, because men cannot long be kept at so high a pitch—only fine leadership, sound training, and the support which soldiers derive from the valour of their nation can raise them to it. It was well that this was the moment when they were raised to their greatest,

are more difficult to maintain in peace than in war, it is because in peace the cement of danger is normally wanting. To-day this is not the case. The danger remains hideous. The goal is the same, though to be reached by different paths. Then it was peace through victory; now it is peace by avoiding what would be the most disastrous of all wars.

I have pointed out that clashes of opinion occurred in the campaign in North-West Europe. It would be Utopian to suppose that they will not crop up in the phase of standing to arms which replaces what ought to be peace. Yet we cannot avoid the impression that less than the care and attention which were given to strategy and administration before D-Day have been given to policy since. Decisions seem to be taken, not only in a hurry—which is often inevitable both in war and peace—but without prior consultation between the parties, or with such hasty consultation that the parties separate with different interpretations of what has been decided. We do not know on whom the responsibility lies; in such cases it is shared more often than not. Neither country can afford thus to worsen the prospects of co-partnership. And, where after all that is possible has been done to eliminate differences these remain, it is necessary to bring back unity of purpose as speedily as may be.

Many of the technical lessons of D-Day may have been put out of date by changes in the weapons of war. The political and moral basis remains. When our thoughts go back to the great and vital victory and to the heroism with which it was envired, let us not forget this feature of it. The men of D-Day, British and Americans, fought to save the world. Ten years later that task has still to be carried on. I repeat that it demands the like unity. The interests of the two nations are in essence the same to-day.

THE 10TH ANNIVERSARY OF D-DAY: NORMANDY SCENES—THEN AND NOW.



TEN YEARS AGO: A PANORAMIC VIEW OF PART OF THE OMAHA BEACHES AFTER THE ALLIED BEACH-HEADS HAD BEEN ESTABLISHED IN NORMANDY.



TO-DAY: A SCENE ON THE OMAHA BEACHES TEN YEARS AFTER THE ALLIED INVASION OF NORMANDY, SHOWING SOME REMAINING RELICS OF THE VITAL BATTLE.



AFTER THE CAPTURE OF CAEN ON JULY 9, 1944: A SCENE IN THE BATTERED FRENCH CITY, SHOWING THE BADLY DAMAGED CHURCH OF ST. PIERRE.



TO-DAY: THE SAME VIEW OF CAEN AS SEEN ON LEFT, BUT SHOWING THE RESTORED CHURCH OF ST. PIERRE, AND THE RUBBLE CLEARED AWAY.



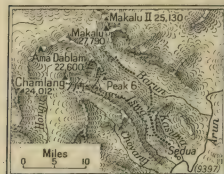
THEN: A SCENE IN MONTEBOURG, IN THE CHERBOURG PENINSULA, ON JULY 7, 1944, SHOWING THE BUILDINGS WRECKED BY ALLIED SHELLS BEFORE THE TOWN WAS OCCUPIED.



TO-DAY: THE SAME VIEW OF MONTEBOURG AS SEEN ON LEFT, BUT SHOWING THE REBUILT HOUSES. NOTE THE BATTLE-SCARRED STATUE OF ST. JOAN OF ARC.

June 6 marks the tenth anniversary of D-Day, when the Allied Forces landed in the Bay of the Seine at the start of the invasion of North-West Europe. On this page we recall some of the momentous battles of D-Day and afterwards in a series of photographs which show scenes in Normandy as they appeared in 1944 and as they appear to-day. Now all is quiet again on the Omaha beaches, but partly submerged war vessels and damaged landing equipment still remain to remind the onlooker of the invasion of a decade ago. Caen, which was wrested from the Germans after fierce fighting, has been largely restored, but still bears many scars.

The town of Montebourg, in the Cherbourg Peninsula, has been rebuilt, but the battle-scarred statue of St. Joan of Arc remains as a reminder of World War II. In his article on the facing page, Captain Cyril Falls looks back at D-Day and recalls the Anglo-American co-operation, which was "something which had never previously existed in war." He says that "the political and moral basis remains. The men of D-Day, British and Americans, fought to save the world. Ten years later that task has still to be carried on. . . . The interests of the two nations are in essence the same to-day."



AT BASE CAMP IN THE BARUN VALLEY: SIR EDMUND HILLARY (LEFT) AND GEOFFREY HARSTON, WITH SHERPAS PREPARING A MEAL. (INSET.) A MAP SHOWING THE AREA THE NEW ZEALAND HIMALAYAN EXPEDITION IS EXPLORING.



TRACKS, THOUGHT TO BE THOSE OF THE YETI, FOUND IN THE UPPER CHOVANG COL: BESIDE THE FOOTPRINTS IS A BOOT OF ONE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION.

Writing from Base Camp in the Barun Valley on May 9, Sir Edmund Hillary, leader of the New Zealand Alpine Club Expedition to the Nepal Himalaya, reported: "All our plans have been temporarily disrupted by the rescue of McFarlane." It has since been reported that Sir Edmund himself has broken or bruised two of his ribs, and has contracted pneumonia while climbing at a height of 22,000 ft. Jim McFarlane, the expedition's surveyor, met with his accident while climbing at an altitude of about 20,000 ft. on the Barun Glacier.

"To the north-east," wrote Hillary, "were several easily accessible passes, and our surveyor, McFarlane, was eager to have a look over one of them into Tibet. He and Wilkins roped up and set off towards one of these passes while I descended the easy side of the mountain down to camp. I reached camp well before noon, but when there was no sign of the other two men by 5 p.m. I became rather worried." Half an hour later a tired Wilkins appeared, bloodstained but relatively unhurt, and told of McFarlane's fall. Both he and McFarlane "had been

THE NEW ZEALAND HIMALAYAN EXPEDITION: A SERIOUS ACCIDENT, THE LEADER'S ILLNESS, AND YETI FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.



AFTER LYING INJURED THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT AT THE BOTTOM OF A CREVASSE, JIM MCFARLANE, WHO WAS RESCUED BY HILLARY, WILKINS AND A SHERPA, SAFELY BACK AT BASE CAMP.



JIM MCFARLANE, THE EXPEDITION'S SURVEYOR, WHO WAS INJURED WHEN HE FELL 60 FT. TO THE BOTTOM OF A CREVASSE.



BRIAN WILKINS, WHO FELL WITH MCFARLANE, BUT WHO WAS ABLE TO EXTRICATE HIMSELF AND HELP RESCUE HIS COLLEAGUE.



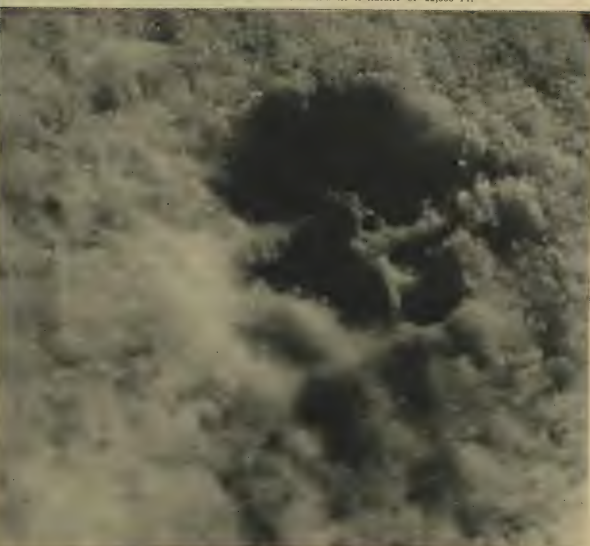
BRIAN WILKINS, WHO FELL WITH MCFARLANE, BUT WHO WAS ABLE TO EXTRICATE HIMSELF AND HELP RESCUE HIS COLLEAGUE.

descending from the pass down a long, easy glacier when he [Wilkins] had suddenly stepped through a thin covering of snow over a well-concealed crevasse. As he shot down he had no chance to warn McFarlane... who had been finally pulled in too. They both landed in soft snow at the bottom of the crevasse nearly 60 ft. down. Wilkins's fall had been largely slowed down by McFarlane... who had fallen freely all the way and was obviously badly shaken and unable to move." Wilkins managed to extricate himself but knowing that he alone would

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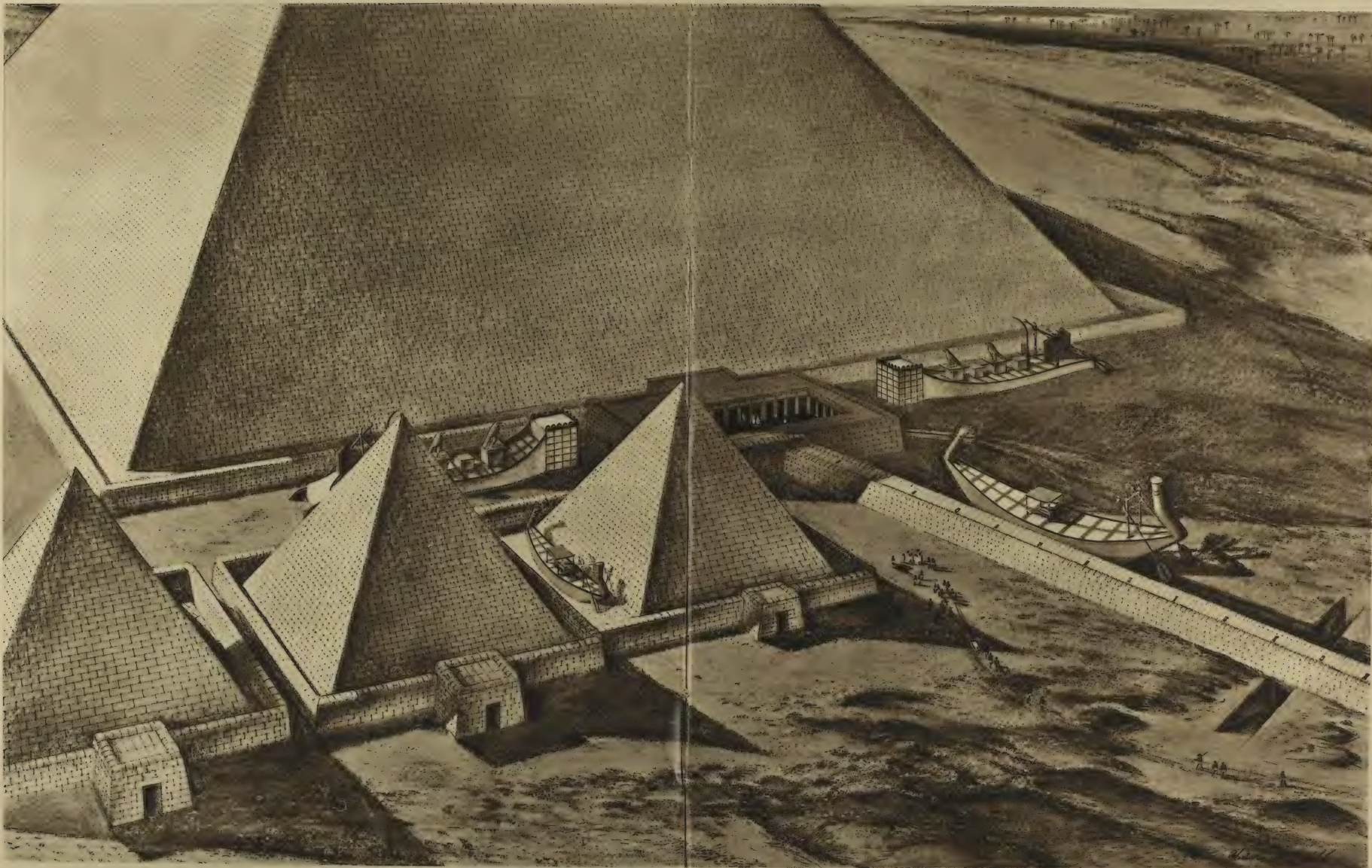


LOOKING TOWARDS THE PROFILE OF MAKALU, 27,790 FT. HIGH: SIR EDMUND HILLARY, WHO IS REPORTED TO HAVE CONTRACTED PNEUMONIA WHILE CLIMBING AT A HEIGHT OF 22,000 FT.



A CLOSE-UP OF THE FOOTPRINT THOUGHT TO BELONG TO THE YETI: IT IS GENERALLY KNOWN THAT THERE ARE TWO TYPES OF YETI, ONE LIKE A BEAR AND ONE LIKE A LARGE MONKEY.

be unable to help his colleague, quickly descended to camp for assistance. After one unsuccessful attempt that evening, Hillary, Wilkins and five Sherpas returned to the scene of the accident early next morning. Hillary, with two ropes around him, crawled over the edge of the ice-hole and dropped into the crevasse, but could not reach McFarlane. Wilkins, however, succeeded in reaching his injured colleague and he was pulled rapidly upwards to safety. McFarlane reached Base Camp on May 5 in a cheerful condition but suffering from frostbite of the hands and feet.



ILLUMINATING THE REPORTED DISCOVERY OF TWO INTACT FUNERARY BOATS OF CHEOPS: THE GREAT PYRAMID AT GIZA, RECONSTRUCTED TO SHOW THE SPLENDOURS OF 5000 YEARS AGO.

The recent discovery beside the south face of the Great Pyramid of Cheops by the Egyptian archaeologist, Kamal el Malakh, of two immense covered troughs containing two funerary boats, each some 120 ft. long, and, according to present reports, in excellent and unique preservation, gives an especial interest to this restoration of the Great Pyramid complex, the most original of its kind yet attempted, and drawn by our Artist according to archaeological details supplied by Mr. Alan Rowe, Lecturer in Near Eastern Archaeology in the University of Manchester. The masonry details are conventionalised; and the funerary boats are shown standing above ground for clarity's sake. In view of the great

preciousness of wood in Ancient Egypt, it seems certain that the boats would be at least roofed over; and indeed, in view of the latest discovery, that they would be sited in underground chambers. This latest discovery has been made parallel with the south face (i.e. that which is partly visible on the left of the picture), and it brings up the total number of Cheops' funerary boats to five—the same as the number of boat-troughs found by Cephren's pyramid. The drawing shows in the background the mighty limestone pyramid surrounded by its enclosure wall and having on the facing side the red granite pyramid temple, with open courtyard, square pillars and basalt pavement—the plan of which has been only

recently established by J. P. Lauer. On either side of the temple, and in a rock-cut trough, is a wooden barque bearing sacred objects, including two golden falcons emblematic of the reconciled enemy gods, Horus and Seth, and also two steering oars. In front of the temple is a long, covered corridor, with light slots in its roof, leading diagonally north-eastwards down to the valley temple—not yet found—in which the body of the king was received. After various ceremonies the mummy was carried along this corridor to the pyramid temple, from which it was taken out through a side door at the back and laid to rest in a red granite sarcophagus inside the pyramid itself. Under the corridor between the two

temples is a subway for cross-traffic, surely one of the oldest of its kind in the world. To the right of the corridor is a rock-cut trough in which, as Mr. Rowe believes, stood a replica of the wooden funerary boat which actually conveyed the body of the king from the Nile to a canal leading to the valley temple. Near the front left corner of the pyramid temple are the pyramids of the three queens of Cheops, the chief of whom was buried in the pyramid next to the long corridor and her funerary boat is shown. The centre pyramid was for an unknown Libyan queen, and the southernmost for a queen named Henutem. Beside the corridor lies the secret underground tomb of Cheops' mother, Hetep-heres.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY ALAN SORRELL.

THE LATEST TYPE 'ESSEEE' AQUAMOUNT WITH TWIN COMPRESSED-AIR CYLINDERS.

AMATEUR UNDER-WATER EXPLORATION.

DIVING WITH THE SINGLE CYLINDER TYPE COMPRESSED AIR AQUAMOUNT.

THE UNDER-WATER BICYCLE CONSISTING OF AN ALUMINIUM TUBE AND PEDAL-DRIVEN PROPELLER.

UNDER-WATER PHOTOGRAPHY.

SWIMMER USING FRENCH IMPROVED CINE CAMERA AND SPECIAL LIGHT.

AN EXPERIENCED UNDER-WATER SWIMMER HAS A DELIGHTFUL FEELING OF FREEDOM FROM GRAVITY AND CAN ENJOY ONE OF ALL SORTS OF GYMNASIAC FEATS.

UNDER-SEA ARCHAEOLOGISTS.

A GREEK AMPHORA RECOVERED AFTER RESTING ON THE BOTTOM OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FOR CENTURIES.

UNDER-WATER FISHING.

BREATHING TUBES ARE PERMITTED BUT USE OF COMPRESSED AIR APPARATUS IS PROHIBITED FOR FISHING IN FRANCE, ITALY AND SEVERAL OTHER COUNTRIES.

THE SWIMMER IS JUST BELOW THE SURFACE AND IS ENABLED TO BREATHE FREELY BY MEANS OF THE TUBE. OBJECTS AND FISH CAN BE SEEN UNDISTORTED BY THE BENDING OF LIGHT RAYS.

AN UNDER-WATER SWIMMER, STALKING A BIG JEWISH. THE EFFECTIVE RANGE OF THE RUBBER POWERED GUN IS 10 TO 14 FEET.

A TYPE OF LONG, SINGLE-RUBBER STRUNG GUN.

FORE GRIP.

THE SIMPLE METHOD USED IN SEALING THE BREATHING TUBE.

A FRENCH FACE MASK WITH A BUILT-IN BREATHING TUBE.

UNDER-SEA ARCHAEOLOGISTS.

AN EXPERIENCED UNDER-WATER SWIMMER HAS A DELIGHTFUL FEELING OF FREEDOM FROM GRAVITY AND CAN ENJOY ONE OF ALL SORTS OF GYMNASIAC FEATS.

A GREEK AMPHORA RECOVERED AFTER RESTING ON THE BOTTOM OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FOR CENTURIES.

THREE TYPES OF UNDER-WATER GUNS.

UNDER-WATER GUN POWERED WITH TWIN-STRANDS OF RUBBER.

UNDER-WATER SPRING GUN.

UNDER-WATER CO₂ GAS GUN.

UNDER-WATER KNIFE WITH COIL HANDLE ENABLING THE KNIFE TO FLOAT.

A SPORT WHICH IS RAPIDLY GAINING POPULARITY BOTH AT HOME AND ABROAD: UNDERWATER FISHING

The comparatively new pastime of underwater swimming and exploration is fast gaining popularity both at home and abroad. In the United States last summer some thousands of people enjoyed exploring the wonders of underwater life. In Europe the sport is already well established, and there are now many expert amateur underwater explorers and fishermen, particularly in France, where the conditions are ideal. In the British Isles the sport is still in its infancy, but it has aroused such interest that a club has been formed with a view to developing it in the United Kingdom. Already some twenty clubs, affiliated to the British Sub-Aqua Club, are in existence in various parts of the country and courses of instruction are organised. Equipped with the latest type of mask and compressed-air breathing apparatus, the amateur diver can explore the silent, unknown world under the sea and the expert can now go down to depths of 100 to 150 ft. and see the vegetation and life on the bed of the ocean. Modern marine archaeologists like Captain J. Y. Gousteau, whose fascinating book, "The Silent World," was reviewed in our issue of April 18, 1953, can explore wrecks and recover pottery and other relics of the past which have been lying under the sea for centuries. Captain Gousteau, one of the greatest living authorities on deep-sea diving, began as a popular diver. The photographer has also discovered fresh worlds to conquer beneath the surface. Manufacturers have devised special camera cases for his use, as can be seen above. In the warm seas of the south the underwater swimmer need not wear

AND EXPLORATION WITH GUN, CAMERA, AND OTHER EQUIPMENT ILLUSTRATED WITH DIAGRAMS.

special clothing unless he wishes to submerge for a long time, but for colder waters, such as those round the British Isles, a rubber suit is made which fits tightly over the body and has short sleeves and legs. For many people the chief attraction of underwater swimming lies in stalking and harpooning fish, but in most countries underwater hunters consider the use of breathing apparatus to be unporting. The hand spear has now been largely supplanted by the underwater gun, in the manufacture of which the French led the world. We illustrate three types: the rubber-cord powered gun, the spring gun and the CO₂ gun. All three have their adherents, but the elastic gun still retains first place in popularity, owing to its ease of manipulation and silence, as the discharge of both the spring and gas gun is sufficiently noisy to scare fish away. The rubber-powered gun fires a harpoon with a fine but immensely strong nylon line, its range being about 14 to 20 ft. For the big fish found in the tropical waters of South America the CO₂ gun is the most suitable weapon; while in the Mediterranean the rubber-powered and coil spring guns are mostly used. These guns, usually coloured blue so as to be inconspicuous in the water, cost anything between £6 and £25, and are beautifully balanced for ease in handling. Guns, masks, breathing-tubes, compressed air apparatus and underwater photographic gear are now being manufactured in this country, and one large firm of submarine engineers, Messrs. Siebe, Gorman and Co. Ltd., of Tolworth, Surrey, are busy producing much of this equipment.

CAUGHT WITH HARPOON-GUN AND CAMERA: BIG FISH STALKED BY THE UNDERWATER HUNTER.



CAUGHT BY AN UNDERWATER HUNTER
IN BRAZIL: A 245 LB. SHARK HARPOONED
AT CABO-FRIO.



SIMILAR TO THOSE FOUND IN FRENCH
WATERS, BUT APPRECIABLY LARGER: AN
80 LB. LICHE CAUGHT IN BRAZIL.

ALL those interested in underwater swimming and exploration could not fail to be fascinated by a recently published book, "Hunting Big Fish," by Marcel Isy-Schwartz (published by Burke at 12s. 6d. net), in which the author describes his progress as an underwater hunter, from his first encounter with a jellyfish to his single-handed capture of a giant grouper, the largest ever recorded. This book covers a span of ten years and, in the author's words: "Represents the whole adventure of the underwater chase you vaguely dream of when first entering the water, with your harpoon-gun to the fore, and fins on your feet, and with no clear

(Continued below, right.)



"A KIND OF BIG SERPENT . . .": A FINE MURENA (MORAY, OR PAINTED EEL) CAUGHT BY MARCEL
ISY-SCHWART, THE AUTHOR OF "HUNTING BIG FISH," IN CORSICA.



HOISTING OUT MARCEL ISY-SCHWART'S WORLD RECORD: A GROUPEUR WEIGHING 391½ LBS.,
AND MEASURING 7 FT. 3 INS. LONG, AND 6 FT. 3 INS. IN GIRTH.



JUST BELOW THE SURFACE: AN UNDERWATER
FISHERMAN, WITH GOGGLES AND BREATHING-
TUBE, PATROLLING WITH A SUBMARINE GUN.



A FISH WHICH SWELLS IN SIZE WHEN
DANGER THREATENS: THE FOU-FOU,
OR PORCUPINE FISH.

(Continued.)

idea of what you will do. . . . I am simply going over a great submarine tour that took me from France to Corsica, then to Italy, to Sicily, to Spain, and, finally, to Haiti, into the famous Caribbean by way of North Africa, the Canaries and Brazil, where I beat the world record. I shall recount everything thrilling, dramatic or comic that has happened to me since that April day in 1942 when a twenty-fifth birthday present of a submarine gun and a pair of goggles changed the whole course of my life." This book, from which the illustrations on this page are reproduced by courtesy of the publisher, Messrs. Burke, gives an insight into the life of a professional underwater hunter and the resources of courage and skill it calls for. M. Isy-Schwartz has hunted with a camera as well as with a harpoon-gun, and he is the first man to have filmed the Caribbean and Brazilian sea-beds, and was the founder (with Jacques Gadreau) of the French *Club des Chasseurs Sous-marins*. On the preceding pages we illustrate with diagrams by our special artist, G. H. Davis, some of the equipment used by the underwater hunter and explorer.

GILBERT WHITE'S HOUSE AT SELBORNE: AN APPEAL FOR ITS PRESERVATION.

AN appeal for a fund to purchase for the nation and endow "The Wakes," the Selborne home of Gilbert White, "the father of English Natural History," was recently launched in a letter to *The Times* signed by a number of distinguished persons under the chairmanship of Sir Harry Brittain. Selborne is a singularly lovely and interesting village, and among its claims to fame are the oldest yew-tree still living, a church which is one of the earliest founded in memory of St. Thomas à Becket, a recently excavated Priory site, and the fact that the earliest tithe riots took place here in 1830. But, as the Rev. Dr. W. S. Scott (the Hon. Sec. of the Memorial Fund) writes: "For the majority of those who visit Selborne, however, the chief object of pilgrimage is undoubtedly 'The Wakes,' home of Gilbert White for nearly all his life. During the nineteenth century some buildings were added to 'The Wakes,' and in the early years of this century some further additions were made, but fortunately no part of Gilbert White's home was ever demolished, and the middle portion of the house as it stands to-day is virtually the same as it was when White lived in it. Originally a small cottage, occupied in the seventeenth century by one Wake, from which fact it gained its name, it was bought by the Rev. Gilbert White, Vicar of Selborne and grandfather of the naturalist, to be a home for his wife after his death. She added three rooms to the original cottage.

(Continued below, right.)



GILBERT WHITE'S VILLAGE: LOOKING DOWN ON SELBORNE, HANTS, FROM THE HANGER. HIS HOUSE, "THE WAKES," CAN BE SEEN IN THE CENTRE OF THE PICTURE.

(Continued.)

and this was the house which her grandson inherited, and where he made his home for the rest of his life. It was in this house, in a room still exactly as he left it, that he wrote his immortal work, 'The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne,' and in its gardens that he made the observations of wild life that have made him famous all over the world. Many of the features known to White are still to be seen—the sundial which he set

(Continued below, left.)



"THE FATHER OF ENGLISH NATURAL HISTORY" AND ONE OF THE BEST-LOVED OF NATURALISTS: GILBERT WHITE (1720-1793).



THE SUBJECT OF AN APPEAL FOR FUNDS TO PRESENT IT TO THE NATION AS A GILBERT WHITE MEMORIAL AND MUSEUM: THE GARDEN FRONT OF "THE WAKES," SELBORNE.

(Continued.)

in the garden, the zigzag path which he and his brother constructed to enable them to climb the hanger, the little brick path which he laid down to let him reach his bird-watching arbour without dirtying his shoes (he had a pathological dislike of getting his shoes dirty!). It is for the preservation of this property—the historic house and gardens, its eight contemporary cottages, and the 27 acres of parkland—that an appeal has just been launched. The owner has generously consented to give the Appeal Committee the first refusal of the property, and the National Trust has agreed to accept it for permanent preservation, provided that funds can be raised for its purchase as well as sufficient endowment for its maintenance. The purchase price is £12,000. The National Trust has made an estimate of the amount of endowment necessary to keep the restored 'Wakes' in good repair, and these items amount together to £12,500. The Appeal Committee are therefore asking for a total of £24,500. If lovers of Gilbert White can find this money in these hard times, it is proposed to purchase the property, to restore it as near as possible to what it was in 1793, and to hand it over with its endowment to the National Trust as a memorial to Gilbert White, the 'father of English Natural History.' It is proposed that 'The Wakes' should then be occupied by a custodian appointed by the National Trust, and—together with its gardens and park—be open to the public. It would become a local centre of natural history, and a museum of the personal effects of Gilbert White and of the Antiquities of Selborne. A great deal of 'Whiteana' of all sorts has been offered as a nucleus for a museum, including a complete collection of all the English and most of the foreign editions of White's work, amounting to several hundreds of volumes, a quantity of manuscripts, and a number of pictures and engravings, and no doubt more objects of interest would be forthcoming. This is a unique opportunity of preserving this historic building. The alternative of its being put to commercial use is too tragic to contemplate, and the Committee therefore appeal



"THE WAKES," FROM THE MAIN STREET OF SELBORNE. ALTHOUGH ADDITIONS HAVE BEEN MADE TO THE HOUSE, NO PART OF GILBERT WHITE'S HOME HAS BEEN DEMOLISHED.

with confidence to all lovers of Gilbert White, and naturalists throughout the world, to help them to the utmost extent of their power. Donations should be sent to the Treasurer, Gilbert White Memorial Fund, National Provincial Bank Ltd., Alton, Hants."

JOHN DRAWINGS AT THE R.A., WITH THE P.R.A.'S COMMENTS.

SIR GERALD KELLY, President of the Royal Academy, has, on several occasions in the past, contributed informed and brilliant commentaries on exhibitions in the Royal Academy. We are fortunate enough to be able to continue the series, and give our readers the opportunity of "making a tour" of the Augustus John drawings on view in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy with Sir Gerald, who has selected a dozen to discuss in his lively and characteristic manner. The Exhibition of works by Augustus John, O.M., R.A., closes at the end of June.

(Continued centre.)



"STUDIES OF CHILDREN." (Pencil; 13½ by 18½ ins.) (Lent by the National Museum of Wales.)
"If you like babies, here they are with all their vitality and all their rotundity suggested in a complete manner," writes Sir Gerald Kelly, who, on this and the facing page, comments on John drawings now on view in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House.



"DAVID IN A LARGE HAT." (Pencil; 10½ by 8½ ins.) (Lent by Mr. Morton Sands.)

"There is nothing fresh to add. Any of the epithets used for the other drawings fit this adorable child."



"DORELIA WITH A SCARF." (Pencil; 12 by 7 ins.) (Lent by the Municipal Gallery of Modern Art, Dublin.)

"I first saw this drawing just after Lane had bought it and I thought it was the most beautiful John I had ever seen, and although since then I have studied many drawings, I have no reason now to believe that I was wrong. I cannot help talking about it, and perhaps I talk about it too much, but I know of nothing more beautiful than the movement of this woman's lithe body underneath her clothes, or of anything to equal its tenderness and beauty."

(Continued.)

Sir Gerald Kelly writes as follows: "Whoever is pre-occupied with the representation of objects, be they living or still-lives, becomes more and more aware of how every edge is turning away, and of the difficulty of suggesting this receding edge. This so pre-occupied Cézanne that he preferred to make half-a-dozen lines round this edge so as, perhaps, to stimulate the imagination of the onlooker, as well as his own. The great draughtsmen are specially endowed with the power of putting down one wavering line and near to it another wavering line, and lo! they contain a leg. This is what Professors Brown and Tonks were after when they preached to the young John. He himself has written this fine acknowledgement: 'Professor Brown's method of rendering the human form by a succession of rhythmical lines following the surface and

[Continued below.]



"STUDY OF CASPAR." (Pencil; 12 by 5½ ins.) (Lent by Mr. Morton Sands.)

"Here is one of John's sons; compact and vigorous. It is so simple—quite perfect—just like a rather listless little boy. This is another example of what I call magic."



"GIRL POSING." (Pencil; 11½ by 6 ins.) (Lent by Mr. Morton Sands.)

"When I saw this drawing I was reminded of a decoration which was begun by John in Hugh Lane's house, and now, alas, has perished. It was a lovely thing, and I think this figure was part of a group of two. What rhythm! What grace!"



"GOTON." (Chalk; 12½ by 9½ ins.) (Lent by the Hon. Mrs. Christopher Bridge.)

"This is very much a painter's drawing—romantic, rich, pulsating with health, zest and loveliness. Almost full of colour."

(Continued.)

explaining its structure, which he demonstrated in masterly fashion before his students, was admirable and eye-opening. Tonks' insistence on the Contour was equally sound and in the great Tradition. More than any other living artist of whom I have knowledge, John has produced representational drawings which are defined by contours of rhythmical beauty, and, above all, in a surprisingly vivid manner—I say surprising, because it is that vivacity which

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[Continued opposite.]



"FISHERGIRL OF EQUIHEN." (Pencil; 11½ by 9½ ins.) (Lent by Winchester College.)

"This is one of a lovely series of studies done, I think, for a picture of Equihen fishergirls which never got beyond the project stage, but here is John doing his stuff superlatively, and any of the words that I have used before can be applied to this, the representation of the girl's strength and vitality."



"MRS. AMBROSE MCEVOY." (Pencil; 12½ by 9 ins.) (Lent by Miss E. Doucet.)

"This is one of the most complete drawings in the world, of his friend Mrs. Ambrose McEvoy, done for her husband, the painter. Gosh, what a gift!"

PORTRAIT HEADS BY AUGUSTUS JOHN: DISCUSSED BY SIR GERALD KELLY.



"URSULA NETTLESHIP." (Pencil; 8 by 6½ ins.) (Lent by Mrs. Brenda Z. Seligman.)

"A portrait of the artist's sister-in-law; and, when I was talking to M. Cailleux in Paris, I told him that if his grandson were, like him, to concentrate on Old Master Drawings, this one would, perhaps, pass through his hands."



"HEAD OF EUPHEMIA." (Pencil; 6½ by 5½ ins.) (Lent by Mr. Gilbert Davis.)

"This is pure magic. There is a single fine line which comes from the base of the hair, shaping the side of the forehead, placing the eye and cheekbone, and then in one uninterrupted sweep, it goes down to the point of the chin. It is so exquisite a line that when I first saw this drawing I thought it must be a reduction from a large study! The modelling is achieved by a series of lines running parallel, drawn with a fine, hard pencil. There is no romantic cross-hatching, and it is only with the utmost concentration and inimitable skill that this searching reconstruction of a lovely face has been achieved."



"HEAD OF A GIRL." (Pencil; 13½ by 11½ ins.) (Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Harris.)

"The pose of this head is almost the same as that in 'The Head of Euphemia,' but it is drawn in an entirely different way. Here the retreating contour of the cheek is suggested by three or four lines, and the modelling is not very close, but it looks extraordinarily like flesh."

Continued.

amazes me each time I look at his wonderful drawings. The vitality, the movement, the very quality of the flesh, the lovely contours, the beautiful rhythms—these are everywhere to be seen in his drawings. *The Illustrated*



"DORELIA." (Pencil; 13½ by 9½ ins.) (Lent by Mrs. T. Cazalet-Keir.)

"This portrait must be rather later than the others and it is on rather a shabby piece of paper—or perhaps it has undergone some harsh treatment, but how wonderfully the flesh is suggested—how close it is to a painting."

London News has allowed me to select twelve of John's drawings and make some sort of comment on them. Here they are." Sir Gerald's pithy observations are, in each, case printed under the drawings to which they refer.

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THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

FLIGHT OF MIND—OR OF FANCY?

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

HE understands every word I say to him. How many tens of thousands of times has this statement been made since dogs were first domesticated. We accept it or discredit it according to taste. The scientist explains it away by seeking to prove that dogs merely associate by experience certain words with certain simple events, and no more. Has the statement any more truth in it than that?

Jason measures 3 ft. 3 ins. from nose to root of tail, stands 2 ft. high at the shoulder, and has a tail 16 ins. long and just over 2½ ins. in circumference at the root. His tail is seldom still, except when he is asleep, and with these proportions it will be appreciated that when he moves about the house his beats like a flail on doors and furniture. He has passed a low tea-table and knocked the tea-cups for six, and several times, in expressing a greeting, he has knocked off treasured tulips, roses, and the like, in the flower border. In other words, his tail is obvious and expressive to a degree. So it happened that he stood greeting me one evening, in this obvious way, as my wife began to speak. Her words ran more or less as follows: "I do feel grieved. Jason took my handbag off the table this afternoon when I wasn't looking, and by the time I discovered it he had chewed through the handle, the bad dog." An ordinary domestic scene, one may suppose, with nothing in it worthy of note.

I would emphasise at this point that the words as given here do not differ except, perhaps, in negligible detail from those actually spoken. The words were said in a soft voice, with no noticeably undue emphasis, and even "the bad dog" was said more in sorrow than in anger. And this is the point: I looked at my wife as she first started to speak, and not later than the word "handbag" turned my attention to the dog. My attention became riveted on him, for the tail quickly subsided from the full movement through an arc of 2-ft. chord to be stretched straight back with the last inch or two feebly wagging. At the same time the head was, almost imperceptibly, lowered. On the words "bad dog" all movement in the tail ceased and without movement in the head the eyes were rolled up at me in an appealing look. Of course, he had been scolded at the time. He understood "Jason"; he may have understood "handbag" and "chewed"—he has been scolded often enough for chewing things for this to be possible—he certainly understood "bad dog." The intervening words he could hardly know as we know them. There was little in the tone of voice to suggest admonition. A guilty conscience may have pre-conditioned him for the event. Yet all these things scarcely account for that rapid change of mood expressed in tail, head and eyes. It was, quite literally, "as if he understood every word."

It was the late Arthur Burrell who used to say that in public speaking it was sufficient to emphasise the key words and the listener's mind would supply the subsidiary words even if they were not heard. He it was who read "The Lay of the Ancient Mariner" to a public audience; and while he read, for me, at all events, the hall disappeared and I saw only the brilliant light of sea and sky. It was an unforgettable performance. Yet, quite certainly, Burrell was speaking in his usual way, playing on the key words, and while he spoke I saw nothing but a colourful panorama. I have heard him speak on a number of occasions, and used to notice how he put his principle into effect. On one such occasion I heard a lady remark at the end "... I could hear every word. ..." I am quite sure she did not, but she understood them all. Does a dog, with his acute hearing, pick out even the slightest emphasis on key words, and

somehow bridge the gaps between by means of that "insight" behaviour now recognised by animal psychologists? Or is there something more to it?

In the recent book "Bandoora" the author describes, quite incidentally to the main narrative, how he discovered by chance that his dog had responded



ENJOYING A FAVOURITE OCCUPATION: JASON, AS A PUPPY OF TWO-AND-A-HALF MONTHS, CHEWING A TOGGLE ON A GUY-ROPE. A PUPPY IS LITTLE MORE THAN AN ANIMATED BUNDLE OF MISCHIEF, HAVING APPARENTLY ONE AIM ONLY IN LIFE—THAT OF CHEWING WITH BLATANT IRRESPONSIBILITY WHATEVER LIES IN ITS PATH. CUTTING ITS TEETH IS THE EXCUSE USUALLY GIVEN, ALTHOUGH IT IS DEBATABLE WHETHER THIS IS THE REASON.

to a thought. Pursuing this line, he arrived at the point where the dog would obey "thought-commands" over a distance. His method of testing this seems to have been scientific enough. The dog was sent out into the bush in charge of a human observer, who knew nothing of what was afoot, with instructions to note what it did at a precise and agreed moment—the moment when he (the author) was to give the thought-command. Watches had been previously synchronised. This seems to be in the same class as another

phenomenon. One hears of or reads about occasions when a man straying outside the centres of intensive civilisation comes across a group of individuals, a tribe or race, who show a habitual tendency to reply to his unspoken thoughts in a most embarrassing manner. In other words, they read his mind. Are all such stories fabrications, or can one, without being any the less scientific, take the word of a teller that what he recounts is true?

The homing of dogs has been subjected to rigorous tests, and we may accept as a fact that a number of dogs have returned from an unfamiliar spot, over unknown territory, over a distance of seven miles at least. It has also been established that in doing so they could have received no help from the, to them, complete strangers entrusted with the experiment. The tests were so conducted that it can be reasonably assumed that the dogs could not have been guided by sight, smell or hearing; in fact, by no known sense. Already scientific researches are revealing the quite remarkable way in which insects and birds use the position of the sun in homing and migration, and it is clear that we are only on the threshold of yet more remarkable discoveries in this field. The homing dog may use the same method. The most significant thing about these homing tests with dogs is, however, their behaviour before they set off for home. Each in turn, when set down on an unfamiliar spot, appeared bewildered and distressed. It then walked round in circles, showing signs of physical stress, the breathing laboured, the tongue hanging out. Then, after a space of half-an-hour, quite suddenly the tail would come up, an air of confidence would return, and, pointing its nose towards home, it would set off at a trot, as if it knew precisely where it was going. This much alone justifies the researches being pursued, particularly by a school of American psychologists, into what is known as E.S.P.—extra-sensory perception, or the ability to perform certain tasks without the aid of any known sense-organs.

The only known phenomenon with which the actions of these dogs, prior to setting off for home, can be compared, is a medium in a trance. The only explanation that fits all the facts is that the mind is capable of being projected and of returning. To put it crudely, that a piece of the mind can go out and return with the required information. The idea is fantastic, but so are the events it is being used to explain.

Two years ago it would have seemed fantastic that a particular bird should fly at night using its call-notes as echo-location signals to find its way about, but that is now proved. Twenty years ago it would have appeared fantastic that a certain fish, swimming backwards without bumping into obstacles, was sending out radar signals from its tail. The echo-location of bats may have been suspected fifty years ago,

as was the music of the stars by earlier philosophers. All such things are seemingly fantastic until we have devised the instruments to test them.

Can a dog understand every word we say to him? In certain conditions the answer is probably in the affirmative, some of those conditions being that owner and dog have a long-standing bond between them, and that one or both are in a sufficiently receptive state due to a more or less high state of nervous excitement. Even if that much is certain, the method is still in doubt. Is it by a slight emphasis on keywords, following the Arthur Burrell technique? Or do we, quite literally, give a dog a piece of our mind?



JASON AT TWO YEARS OF AGE. THE MATURE DOG STILL HAS THE URGE TO CHEW, AND WITH SOME DOGS IT MATTERS NOT HOW MANY SPECIAL ITEMS (BONES, RUBBER RINGS, ETC.) ARE PROVIDED TO MEET THIS NEED, THE FORBIDDEN ARTICLE IS STILL THE MOST ATTRACTIVE. THERE IS A CHANGE, HOWEVER, FOR NOW THERE IS AN APPRECIATION OF RIGHT AND WRONG BORN NOT OF KNOWLEDGE OF ETHICAL VALUES BUT OF EXPERIENCE BASED ON CONTACT WITH BEINGS WHO CONVEY THEIR WISHES AND IDEAS BY VARIOUS METHODS. SPECULATION ON WHAT SOME OF THESE METHODS MAY BE IS ALWAYS AN ATTRACTIVE PASTIME.

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THE STORY OF THE GAS INDUSTRY: A NEW SCIENCE MUSEUM EXHIBIT.



PRODUCING GAS THROUGH THE SPOUT OF A KETTLE CONTAINING COAL: GEORGE DIXON, WHO IN 1760 LIGHTED A ROOM IN HIS HOUSE BY GAS—A DIORAMA.



REPRESENTING WILLIAM MURDOCH'S ACHIEVEMENT IN LIGHTING HIS HOUSE AT REDRUTH WITH GAS IN 1792: A DIORAMA PRESENTING THE "FATHER OF THE GAS INDUSTRY."

THE new permanent Science Museum exhibit, the Gas Gallery, illustrates the methods of early and up-to-date manufacture and distribution of gas and extraction of by-products. The display includes historical dioramas, a cyclorama, scale models and descriptive panels. Before the industrial revolution, coal, peat and wood were the only fuels known, though the method of producing gas by heating coal in a closed container having a pipe attached to it was discovered fairly early. Parson Clayton, in 1688, lighted his way across the moors by gas, and George Dixon in 1760 lit a room by gas. In 1792 William Murdoch, "the father of the gas industry," lighted his house in Redruth, Cornwall, by gas; and later the firm for which he worked supplied plant for lighting houses and factories. Between 1802-10, Murdoch erected several of the little gasworks necessary for this, in which small circular retorts of iron were used. In 1815 the Chartered Gas Co. of London first lighted Westminster Bridge and then Whitehall. By 1853 gas fires were on the market; the Bunsen burner was devised in 1855, and by 1880 gas heating and cooking were well developed. The invention of the incandescent gas mantle came in 1885, and between 1900 and 1920 the gas industry began to change from being a supplier of light to that of heat.



DEPICTING A FACTORY GAS WORKS INSTALLED AT MANCHESTER IN 1804 BY WILLIAM MURDOCH: ONE OF THE HISTORICAL DIORAMAS IN THE GAS GALLERY AT THE SCIENCE MUSEUM.



A DEMONSTRATION AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE IN 1804: THE DIORAMA, SHOWING F. A. WINSOR EXPOUNDING TO A LARGE AUDIENCE THE USES OF GAS FOR LIGHTING.



GAS PRODUCTION IN 1840: A DIORAMA SHOWING A RETORT HOUSE OF THAT DATE. THE HORIZONTAL RETORTS IN WHICH COAL WAS CARBONISED TO PRODUCE GAS WERE CHARGED BY HAND.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



WINNER OF THE "AINTREE 200": STIRLING MOSS (R.) AFTER THE RACE.

Driving a 2½-litre Maserati on the new three-mile circuit alongside the Grand National course at Aintree on May 29, Stirling Moss won the chief event in the *Daily Telegraph* International Meeting, the "Aintree 200," a race for Formula Libre cars, at an average speed of 77.70 m.p.h.



THE FIRST WOMAN TO RUN A MILE IN UNDER FIVE MINUTES: MISS DIANE LEATHER.

Miss Diane Leather, running at the Midland Women's Athletic Championships at Birmingham on May 29, became the first woman to run a mile in under five minutes when she returned the time of 4 mins. 59.6 secs. for the mile. Our picture shows Miss Leather running at Birmingham on May 26 when she set up an unofficial mile record of 5 mins. 0.2 secs.



RECIPIENT OF THE GOLD MEDAL OF THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY: MR. IGOR STRAVINSKY.

Mr. Igor Stravinsky, the Russian-born composer, received the Gold Medal of the Royal Philharmonic Society from Sir Arthur Bliss during a programme of his works, conducted by himself, at the Royal Festival Hall on May 27. Sir Arthur Bliss referred to Mr. Stravinsky as this "supreme inventor-and manipulator of music."



RETIRING AS MANAGING DIRECTOR OF ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS: MR. W. C. NISBETT.

Mr. W. C. Nisbett, who has been Managing Director of Illustrated Newspapers since 1946, has announced his retirement. Mr. Nisbett joined the Company in 1921 and became a director in 1938. He will, however, retain his directorships of the Company and its subsidiaries.



KILLED IN INDO-CHINA: MR. ROBERT CAPA, THE FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER.

Mr. Robert Capa, the famous Hungarian-born "photo reporter," was killed on May 25 when a mine blew up under him while he was taking photographs in the Tonkin Delta, in Indo-China. Mr. Capa gained a great reputation as a photographer during the Spanish Civil War.



APPOINTED G.O.C. BRITISH TROOPS IN EGYPT: LIEUT.-GENERAL R. A. HULL.

Lieut.-General R. A. Hull takes up his appointment this month as G.O.C. British Troops in Egypt (temporary rank of Lieut.-General). He is forty-seven and joined the 17th-21st Lancers in 1928. He has been Chief of Staff H.Q., Middle East Land Forces since 1953.



THE NEW G.O.C. EASTERN COMMAND: LIEUT.-GEN. SIR FRANCIS FESTING.

Lieut.-General Sir Francis Festing, G.O.C. British Troops in Egypt since April 1952, returns this month to take up his post as G.O.C. Eastern Command, for which he was designated in 1952, being then Assistant Chief of Staff, S.H.A.P.E.; but instead was posted to Egypt.



DIED ON MAY 26: SIR FREDERICK DOIDGE, NEW ZEALAND HIGH COMMISSIONER IN LONDON.

Sir Frederick Doidge, High Commissioner for New Zealand in the United Kingdom since 1951, was seventy. He started his career in journalism and from 1918 until 1935 he worked in Fleet Street, becoming a director of the *Express* group of publications. He then returned to New Zealand to enter politics, and was Minister of External Affairs, 1949-51.



LEAVING LONDON AIRPORT FOR THE LISBON HORSE SHOW: MISS 'PAT' SMYTHE (LEFT) AND LADY MARY ROSE WILLIAMS.

Miss Pat Smythe and Lady Mary Rose Williams arrived in Lisbon on May 30 for the opening of the Lisbon Horse Show. Riding Miss Dorothy Paget's *Eforio*, Miss Smythe took third place in the "Secretariado Nacional da Informacao" Cup, the first international event of the show. Miss Smythe and Lady Mary Rose Williams also plan to jump at Madrid and Vichy.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



WINNER OF THE BRITISH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT MUIRFIELD: D. W. BACHLI.

D. W. Bachli became the first Australian to win the British Amateur Golf Championship when he beat W. C. Campbell, the United States Walker Cup player, at Muirfield (East Lothian) on May 29 by 2 and 1. Bachli, Australian Amateur Champion in 1947, is the reigning champion of Victoria.



SENTENCED TO FIFTEEN YEARS' HARD LABOUR: ABUL KHEIR NEGUIB.

The Egyptian Government's Revolutionary Tribunal sentenced, on May 26, Abul Kheir Neguib to fifteen years' hard labour on charges of treason and blackmail. Abul Kheir Neguib was proprietor and editor of the Leftist weekly, *Al Goumhour Al Misri*. Earlier in the month similar sentences were received by the owners of the daily newspaper *Al Misri*.



CELEBRATING HIS SIXTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY IN BELGRADE: MARSHAL TITO.

Marshal Tito, President of Yugoslavia, celebrated his sixty-second birthday in Belgrade on May 25 and received messages of congratulation from all parts of Yugoslavia, brought to him by 1½ million relay runners. One message, at least, was brought to him by a pigeon, as can be seen in the above picture.

ROYAL AND NOTABLE PEOPLE ON GREAT AND VARIED OCCASIONS.



RECEIVING THE LEAF POLO CUP FROM MISS SHARMAN DOUGLAS ON MAY 29: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

The Duke of Edinburgh played No. 2 for the Mariners in the final of the Leaf Cup at Ambersham, and scored the winning goal for his side, which defeated Fernhurst by 4 goals to 2. He accepted the cup from Miss Sharman Douglas, daughter of the former U.S. Ambassador to Britain.



THE WIFE OF THE DIEN BIEN PHU COMMANDER: MADAME DE CASTRIES ARRIVING IN PARIS.

Madame de Castries, wife of General de Castries, the heroic commander of the Dien Bien Phu garrison, whose defence thrilled the world, arrived in Paris by air from Indo-China on May 25. It is reported that she said she was going to acquaint M. Laniel with the true situation in Indo-China.



INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR OF CHELSEA PENSIONERS: PRINCESS MARGARET.

H.R.H. Princess Margaret on May 29 was present at the Founder's Day Parade at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, which was founded in 1682 by Charles II. Her Royal Highness, who took the salute, is seen inspecting the Pensioners' guard of honour. She later conversed with Pensioners.



GENERAL TEMPLER'S FAREWELL TO MALAYA: THE HIGH COMMISSIONER STANDING UP IN HIS CAR AS MEN OF THE 3RD BN. THE MALAY REGIMENT AND POLICE PULL IT BY ROPES.

Many tributes were accorded to General Sir Gerald Templer during his farewell tour of the States and Settlements of Malaya before he relinquished his appointment as High Commissioner on May 31. The Malay rulers, the Chinese community, the troops and police all expressed their affection and respect in different ways and at Kota Bharu the General's car was pulled along by ropes by troops and police to his aircraft. He was to be Commander, Northern Army Group, Allied Forces, Central Europe, and C-in-C., British Army of the Rhine.



ADMIRING THE BUST OF GENERAL EISENHOWER PRESENTED TO THE BRITISH 'ARMY': THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR AND FIELD MARSHAL SIR JOHN HARDING.

Mrs. Aldrich, wife of the American Ambassador, unveiled a bust of General (now President) Eisenhower at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, on May 24. It is the work of Mr. Jo Davidson, an American sculptor, and was presented to the British Army by Mr. George Sands, an American business man, who acquired the two original casts of the bust and has given the other to the U.S. Military Academy at West Point. Mr. Head, Secretary for War, accepted the bust on behalf of the British Army.



THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA'S STATE VISIT TO THE U.S.: HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS AT THE WHITE HOUSE WITH THE PRESIDENT.

The Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia arrived at the National Airport, Washington, from New York on May 26 in the President's personal aircraft, and was received with full military honours. He drove to the White House, where he stayed the night as the guest of President Eisenhower.



AT THE ROYAL CORNWALL AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT ST. AUSTELL: THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER WITH SIR JOHN MOLESWORTH ST. AUBYN DURING THEIR TOUR OF THE GROUNDS.

The Royal family's many official engagements entail a great deal of travelling from one end of the country to the other. On May 26 their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were in Cornwall and attended the 72nd Royal Cornwall Agricultural Show at St. Austell. During their tour of the exhibits they were accompanied by Sir John Molesworth St. Aubyn, 14th Bart. Sir Godfrey Thomas, Bt., was in attendance.

FROM HYPNOSIS TO MOTOR RACING: A TOPICAL MISCELLANY.



A MIDGET-CAR RACING DISASTER IN WHICH ONE SPECTATOR WAS KILLED AND FORTY INJURED: ONE CAR IS BEYOND THE BARRIER, THE OTHER (LEFT) OVERTURNED. During racing between midget cars at Nuremberg, Germany, on May 23, on a narrow track normally used for bicycle and motor-cycle events, two cars collided, one of them leaving the track and crashing among the spectators. Forty persons were injured, including the drivers, and one spectator was killed.



TOOTH-EXTRACTION UNDER HYPNOSIS: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE B.B.C.'S LIME GROVE STUDIOS DURING THE PUBLIC TELEVISION OF THE OPERATION.

On May 26 Miss Sylvia Langley, a dental student, had a wisdom tooth extracted before the television cameras. She had previously induced a state of self-hypnosis and the dental surgeon put her into a deep enough trance to anaesthetise the jaw. The operation was successful and Miss Langley felt no pain.



A "MOORLAND STREAM" IN THE HEART OF ISLINGTON: PART OF A NEW L.C.C. PARK IN WHICH A STRETCH OF THE NEW RIVER HAS BEEN LANDSCAPED WITH SUCCESS. The London County Council has increased and is increasing its park space in Islington and a section of the New River between St. Paul's Road and Canonbury Road has been landscaped, as shown in the photograph, and converted into a pleasant streamside walk.



THE ROYAL NAVY'S NEWEST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER, H.M.S. ALBION, LEAVING THE WALLSEND YARDS FOR HER TRIALS ON MAY 27. SHE IS A SISTER-SHIP OF CENTAUR.

H.M.S. Albion was laid down in 1944, but after her launching was laid up for some years. Now completed, she left the yards of Messrs. Swan Hunter and Wigham Richardson, on the Tyne, on May 27, for her trials. Like Centaur, she has a modified angled deck.



THE SWEDISH FREIGHTER ALFHEM, IN WHICH, THE U.S. STATE DEPARTMENT CLAIMS, ARMS WERE SHIPPED TO GUATEMALA FROM THE POLISH PORT OF STETTIN. On May 17 the U.S. State Department declared that an important cargo of arms had "been sent to Guatemala, in Central America, from the Soviet-administered port of Stettin." Acting on the owners' instructions, the ship, the Alfhem, later put in to Key West, Florida, for questioning by U.S. officials.



"GRAND NATIONAL" MOTOR RACING: A VIEW OF THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL MEETING HELD ON THE NEW AINTREE MOTOR-RACING COURSE, WHICH RUNS ALONGSIDE THE GRAND NATIONAL COURSE. On May 29 Aintree race-course saw its first international motor racing on the new course which has been built roughly parallel with part of the Grand National course. Despite heavy rain, this first meeting was considered to be a great success. The principal event was won by Mr. S. Moss in a Maserati.

LONDON NEWS IN PICTURES, AND THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TREETOPS HOTEL.



THE CITY OF LONDON'S FIRST GUIDE INDICATOR—WHICH IS LOCATED IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD—WAS INAUGURATED ON MAY 27. IT INCORPORATES LARGE-SCALE MAPS OF THE CITY AND CENTRAL LONDON, AND A TRADE DIRECTORY.



THE ALBERT MEMORIAL ONCE MORE IN SPLINTS: THIS SCAFFOLDING HAS BEEN ERECTED FOR THE REPAIR OF DAMAGE CAUSED BY BOMBS DURING THE WAR. THIS FAMOUS KENSINGTON LANDMARK WAS IN SCAFFOLDING BEFORE THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN.



NOW DESTROYED BY A MAU MAU GANG: THE TREETOPS HOTEL AT NYERI, WHERE THE QUEEN WATCHED WILD BEASTS DURING THE NIGHT, SHORTLY BEFORE SHE LEARNT OF THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.

The Treetops Hotel—a bungalow-like building erected in the branches of a huge fig-tree beside a water-hole at which big-game come to drink—was burnt by a Mau Mau gang on May 26. It is situated in the National Park about ten miles from Nyeri, and it will be recalled that the Queen, when Princess Elizabeth, and the Duke of Edinburgh spent a night watching the big game there, just before the news of the death of King George VI. was received by them.



RELEASING 1000 BALLOONS CARRYING "THANK YOU" MESSAGES: THE CEREMONY WHICH MARKED THE ACHIEVEMENT OF THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY £1,000,000 APPEAL. On May 24 a crowd gathered at the main door of Westminster Abbey to hear the Dean, Dr. Don, announce that the Abbey Appeal had reached £1,000,000 with donations from Australia and the United States. Mr. Gales, who has been forty-eight years a workman in the Abbey, mounted a ladder and, with a paintbrush, adjusted the "mercury" in the "thermometer"; and after a procession to Dean's Yard, four choirboys released the balloons, each of which carried a card announcing that the target had been reached and bearing a message of thanks.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

MAY AND OCTOBER.

By J. C. TREWIN.

ANTON CHEKOV, as he is called now on the Lyric, Hammersmith, programme—we can take our choice of spellings—said, before he began "The Cherry Orchard": "I myself don't understand what it is really like, or what form it is likely to assume, for it changes every day." More than eighteen months later, when the play was written, he said: "I'm afraid it has turned out to be not a drama but a comedy, and in places even a farce."

We know by now that this is a comedy; we should laugh at these feckless, mauding people on the estate in decay. Yet, when the comedy is at its richest—and it is rich indeed—I can only smile at it and feel that tears are not far off. We can understand why Stanislavsky, after first reading the text, told Chekov it was a tragedy. To-day the Chekovian experts speak, and obediently we nod. Even so, when the play reaches the theatre, it still leaves us with a feeling of sweet grief that is not mere sentimentality. Somehow I have thought of "The Cherry Orchard," glossing over one word, the epithet "royal," whenever I have read "Q" on "The Tempest": "[It] forces . . . tears for sheer beauty; with a royal sense of this world and how it passes away, with a catch at the heart of what is to come."

Since I am quoting, let me add a few lines from Rupert Brooke that, sitting at Hammersmith, I remembered once again:

You came and quacked beside me in the wood.
You said, "The view from here is very good!"
You said, "It's nice to be alone a bit!"
And, "How the days are drawing out!" you said.
You said, "The sunset's pretty, isn't it?" . . .
By God! I wish—I wish that you were dead!

The last line of this Hate Poem may be too fierce; but Brooke's outburst against the insensitive intruder comes to mind at any "Cherry Orchard" revival: one dreads those intervals that must destroy an atmosphere anxiously-summoned, smudge a producer's work so that he has to start again after ten minutes of trample-and-hum. In many plays we need an interval

At the end of the play, on an October morning, the axes are laid to the cherry trees; we hear them ringing as the old retainer, who has been forgotten, stretches on the sofa muttering: "Ah, you . . . muddlers!" Lopahin, the serf's son, has bought the estate; it will be split into building-lots. The people of the old house



"WE KNOW BY NOW THAT THIS IS A COMEDY; WE SHOULD LAUGH AT THESE FECKLESS, MAUNDERING PEOPLE ON THE ESTATE IN DECAY. YET, WHEN THE COMEDY IS AT ITS RICHEST—AND IT IS RICH INDEED—I CAN ONLY SMILE AT IT AND FEEL THAT TEARS ARE NOT FAR OFF": A SCENE FROM ACT II, OF CHEKOV'S "THE CHERRY ORCHARD" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH), ADAPTED AND PRODUCED BY SIR JOHN GIELGUD, WITH (L. TO R.) FIRS (HUGH PRYSE), GAYEFF (ESMÉ PERCY), MADAME RANEVSKY (GWEN FFRANGÇON-DAVIES), ANYA (SHIRLEY ROBERTS), VARYA (PAULINE JAMESON), A TRAMP (DAVID DODIMEAD), TROFIMOFF (DAVID MARKHAM) AND LOPAHIN (TREVOR HOWARD).

are dispersed. Indolent, lovable, sorrowful, they drift already into the distance. We have come to know them so well during the last two hours—during the five months we feel we have lived in the house—that the parting is sweet sorrow. We think of Madame Ranevsky, quite content to be in Paris again, to exist "on the money your grandmother sent from Yaroslav to buy the property"; Gayeff, his sister's brother, who is going absurdly, billiards jargon and all, into a bank ("I'm a financier . . . red in the middle"); sorrowful Varya, who has waited in vain for Lopahin's proposal; Lopahin, lord of all he surveys, who cannot forget his origin, and who may not (we feel) make much from his villas; little Anya, hoping for the future; Dunyasha, frivolous ninny of a maidservant, and Yasha, boorish footman; Charlotta, the governess whose tricks are to her what Gayeff's obsession is to him; and the perpetual student, the idealist, Trofimoff, to whom "all Russia is our garden."

So they go, all of them, though the retainer—who stands for the constant service of the antique world—is left behind, a symbol of the old life forgotten by those hurrying to a new one. We realise that Epikhodoff will be back soon to look after the place. The arch-muddler in charge, the man of "twenty-two misfortunes"; something symbolic there as well. We are sure that Chekov intends us to see the humour of these people. Does not Gayeff observe near the end: "Till the cherry orchard was sold, we were all agitated and miserable; but once the thing was settled finally and irrevocably, we all calmed down and got jolly again"? Yet, whatever Chekov intended and a producer can do, "The Cherry Orchard" must

hold some of us in its October melancholy rather than in its mirth. It calls back our yesterdays. We read more into it, perhaps, than Chekov meant. Not that we find it glum, drizzle-dolorous: it is, rather, a play that drifts away like the silver blink of the moon down the orchard's long central avenue.

May first, then high summer; but the feeling behind the comedy is autumnal. Twice we hear—

the first occasion is not clearly marked at Hammersmith—"a distant sound . . . as if from the sky, the sound of a string breaking, dying away, melancholy." Chekov may have got this from a boyhood memory, the distant sound of a tub falling in a mine. At the end of the play it is like the breaking of a violin string. The voice of the cherry orchard, the estate, the whole world, seems to be mute. Still, we should not misinterpret (and maybe I ought to suggest as an alternative title for the play, Pirandello's "And That's The Truth—If You Think It Is").

The Lyric, Hammersmith, is a good choice. It was here, twenty-nine years ago, that London came really to know Chekov in the Fagan production. John Gielgud, then the "perpetual student," is now the Lyric producer, and his revival is sensitively-judged, though I did not find it perfectly in tune until the second act. It had been just off key; then, of a sudden, all was well. Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, delicate, wistfully foolish, incorrigible; Esmé Percy, never over-doing the billiards tic; Trevor Howard, uneasily triumphant as Lopahin; Pauline Jameson, who gets us to suffer with her (it is a neat touch to let Lopahin trip over Varya's suitcase); Robert Eddison, sliding so cunningly through Epikhodoff; David Markham, never forcing Trofimoff: here, with the others, is an almost perfect Chekovian ensemble. I feel that the word "scruffy" should be cut from the text; it grates.

And I am sorry that Chekov allows Firs to speak at the end; his presence should be enough. Since the première the play has run in my head. I ought, no doubt, to be laughing wildly in recollection. But, as



"THIS NEW VERSION OF THE MELVILLE REVUE, 'AT THE LYRIC,' WITH MANY CHANGES, IS GOVERNED AS BEFORE BY ITS EXPANSIVE COMEDIENNES, HERMIONE BADDELEY AND DORA BRYAN. THEY ARE BROADLY COMIC SINGLY, AND FANTASTIC IN PARTNERSHIP." DORA BRYAN AND HERMIONE BADDELEY WITH IAN CARMICHAEL, "BLANDLY GANGLING, IN A COMPLICATED SKIT ON VAUDEVILLE, 'THE VERSATILE TRIO,' FROM 'GOING TO TOWN,' THE INTIMATE REVUE AT ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE.



FORMERLY CALLED "AT THE LYRIC"; THE SECOND EDITION OF ALAN MELVILLE'S REVUE, NOW CALLED "GOING TO TOWN," WHICH HAS COME TO ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE FROM HAMMERSMITH; SHOWING A NUMBER CALLED "STREET CRIES," WITH (L. TO R.) LEO CICERI, RACHEL THOMAS, RICHARD LOGAN, SHIRLEY EATON AND MARJORIE DUNKLES.

sorely. Not in "The Cherry Orchard." Sets and costumes must be changed; but it is no affectation to wish that, for once, the auditorium could remain darkened.

It is a play of moods, not of direct action. Chekov runs from May to October. In May we can look, from the "room which is still called the nursery," upon the bridal-white orchard under the clear, cold day-break. We see it in the mind; Chekov describes it for us when Madame Ranevsky and Gayeff, while the starlings sing, gaze on a world of white blossom with the avenue going straight on between the trees, a ribbon that on moonlit nights shines like silver. It is, I think, a defect in the Hammersmith production that we are less conscious of the orchard than we should be. I was not sure that it was beyond the window. It should be possible to say at once, "O world invisible, we view thee!"

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE WELL OF THE SAINTS" (New Lindsey).—Synge's rhythms in a revival that delighted collectors. (Closed May 15.)
"RED ROSES FOR ME" (Theatre Royal, Stratford, E.).—O Casey's play was spoken inadequately, but I shall recall the imaginative (and provocative) staging of the third and fourth acts. (Closed May 22.)
"GOING TO TOWN" (St. Martin's).—This new version of the Melville revue, "At the Lyric," with many changes, is governed as before by its expansive comediennes, Hermione Baddeley and Dora Bryan. They are broadly comic singly, and fantastic in partnership. (May 20.)
"THE CHERRY ORCHARD" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Chekov's masterpiece, set unerringly before us, needs our laughter, our tears—or both. (May 21.)

ever, something must be wrong; laughter is so close to tears.

Few people sobbed near me at the St. Martin's, where "Going to Town," second edition of Alan Melville's revue, formerly "At the Lyric," has come in from Hammersmith. This, produced by William Chappell, depends on the immense relish with which Hermione Baddeley, cartoonist-comediienne, embodies her grotesques (observe her wrinkled sulks in the modern-sculpture sketch); and also upon Dora Bryan's primmer exuberance: if this sounds like a contradiction, just look at Miss Bryan, and listen to her. The pair join Ian Carmichael, blandly gangling, in a complicated skit on vaudeville, "The Versatile Trio," that is probably—though I have not worked it out—intensely moving. I must be still under the Chekov influence.



BEARING WREATHS: A FIRE-ENGINE LEAVING ROSEBERY AVENUE FIRE STATION FOR THE FUNERAL OF FIREMAN C. G. GADD, ONE OF THREE FIREMEN WHO LOST THEIR LIVES FIGHTING A FIRE IN A COVENT GARDEN WAREHOUSE ON MAY 11.

RECORDED BY THE ROVING CAMERA: SOME RECENT NEWS ITEMS FROM HOME AND ABROAD.



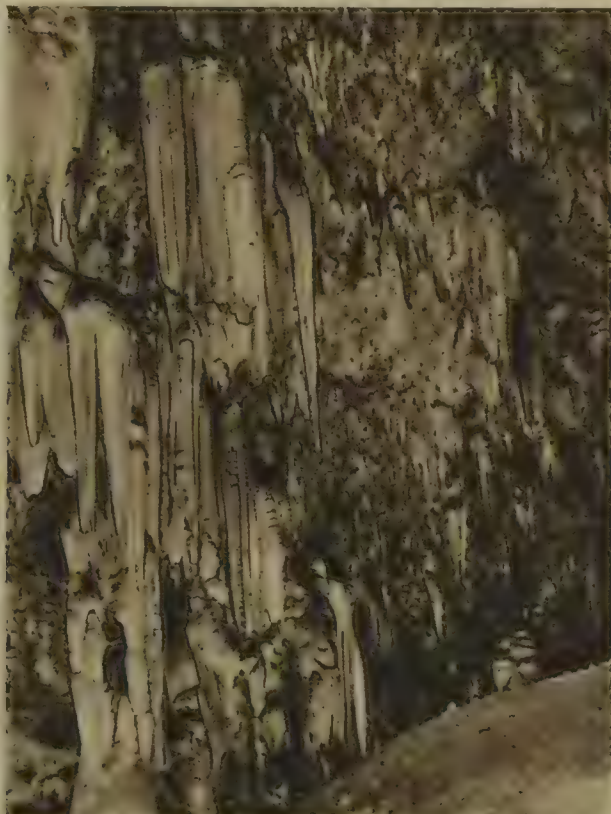
A MEDIEVAL COSY-STOVE! DURING THE DEMOLITION OF SOME VERY OLD HOUSES IN THE OLD CORNISH VILLAGE OF MOUSEHOLE THIS ANCIENT FIREPLACE WAS DISCOVERED. IT IS TO BE PRESENTED TO THE PENZANCE MUSEUM.



CELEBRATING THE 300TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE UNION OF THE UKRAINE AND RUSSIA ON MAY 28: CROWDS IN KIEV, THE CAPITAL OF THE UKRAINE, CARRYING HUGE PHOTOGRAPHS OF LENIN AND STALIN. CELEBRATIONS WERE ALSO HELD IN MOSCOW.



OPERATION "RESCUE": ON MAY 29 A TEAM OF SIX QUALIFIED "LIFE-GIRLS" BEGAN THEIR VOLUNTARY DUTIES ON BRIGHTON BEACH. THEY WILL BE "ON PARADE" EACH WEEK-END UNTIL THE END OF AUGUST. OUR PICTURE SHOWS FIVE OF THE GIRLS WITH A LIFELINE DURING AN EXERCISE.



"MADONNA AND CHILD": A REMARKABLE FORMATION IN THE STALACTITIC CAVE NEAR KRUGERSDORP.

A CLIMBER ASCENDING A HUGE STALAGMITE: ONE OF THE PARTY OF EXPLORERS IN THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED CAVE.

A vast cave containing a fairyland of stalactites and an adjoining cave containing, it is believed, some fossil remains have been discovered near Krugersdorp, in the Transvaal, about thirty miles west of Johannesburg. The stalactitic formations are said to be larger and whiter than those in the famous Congo caves, in Cape Province. The caves are to be thoroughly investigated by experts. Photographs by Mr. J. C. Viljoen, of Johannesburg.



ALLOWED TO FLY 10 FT. HIGH IF TETHERED TO THE GROUND: MR. JOHN MURRAY IN HIS HOME-MADE HELICOPTER.

Mr. John Murray, a motor-repair man, of Salford, Lancs., has received permission from the Ministry of Civil Aviation to take his home-made helicopter 10 ft. into the air—providing it is tethered to the ground. The Ministry at first refused to allow it off the ground because it was not built under the supervision of the Air Registration Board.



A SECOND edition of "The Dictionary of English Furniture," first published in 1924-27, is now before the public; three folio volumes, 3000 or so illustrations, and thirty guineas. The revision has been undertaken by Mr. Ralph Edwards, who collaborated with the late Percy Macquoid in producing the original edition, now long out of print, and the whole monumental work has been brought up to date in the light of recent research. It has always been entitled a "dictionary," but those to whom it may be unfamiliar should know that it is, in fact, a great deal more. It is arranged alphabetically, and some items will be dealt with in a



WITH THE RIGHT-HAND POST SURMOUNTED BY A FIGURE OF AN EAGLE, THE SYMBOL OF ST. JOHN: THE OAK POSTS AND LINEN-FOLD PANELS OF A BED, c. 1525. (Victoria and Albert Museum.)

"Have you ever wondered whence came the prayer 'Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, bless the bed that I lie on'?" The explanation is provided by the bed illustrated. On one of the posts is an eagle, the symbol of St. John, the only one remaining of the four evangelists.

few lines; others, for example, beds and chairs, will occupy many pages, and these pages will provide, not the brief definitions expected of a dictionary, but extensive monographs ranging far afield over social custom, economic development and political change. Dictionary though it may be in form, it is in truth a history of England as expressed in the work of the joiner, the textile worker and the cabinet-maker from A (*Acacia*) to Z (*Zucchi*)—and, while mostly keeping sternly to the main roads, it wanders off into intriguing blind alleys at the slightest provocation—in short, it is a model of easy, leisurely erudition, with chapter and verse duly quoted, as often as not from the most obscure publications. Who, for example—and I'm opening pages at random—ever heard of George Ensar?—but there he is, tracked down in Plot's "History of Staffordshire" of 1686 as a turner of Tamworth, who "contrived an engine to turne wreath-work" (i.e., spiral turning), by which he was enabled to "make not only of two but of three or four twists, and that in so little time that he can turn twenty of these while one is cut or raspt the only way they can make such at London and Oxford that I could by any means hear of"—an early example of a workman's inventiveness in speeding up production.

Then there is the evidence of "The Calendar of Treasury Books," from which is culled the information that in 1686 Mary Ferguson presented a petition for the delivery to her of some white wood boxes which had been sent to Holland to be lacquered. A few days later the Customs Commissioners delivered to her some cases of Dutch lacquer. We can assume from this that Mary Ferguson was not the only person to send things to Holland to be lacquered—and the probability is that if these boxes exist to-day they are regarded as examples of English lacquering. These volumes are full of out-of-the-way information of this sort—seeming trivialities which point to new

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A MONUMENTAL WORK BROUGHT UP TO DATE.

By FRANK DAVIS.*

methods or provide additional evidence for what is already known—but, entertaining and intriguing though they are, they do not interrupt the main theme of the work, which, by means first of a general introduction and then of very detailed descriptions of whole categories of furniture, provides as complete a review of 600 years of development as one could find in a dozen separate publications.

For combined wisdom, learning and encyclopædic thoroughness, I would choose the 63 illustrations and the 30-odd pages devoted to beds, not, I hasten to add, because they are more sensible or more interesting than other portions dealing with, say, chairs or mirrors or writing-tables, but because this comparatively small section is as good an example as any of imaginative treatment, enlivened by quotations from contemporary documents. "From the earliest times great attention has been bestowed upon beds, our ancestors spending more money on their construction and decoration than on any other article of furniture. . . . In wills dating from the fourteenth century onwards 'the best bed' often headed the list of personal legacies, and they were regarded as family possessions of the highest consequence. . . . When the noble and princely testators of the period bequeathed their beds to their successors, it was not of the wooden construction that they thought, but of the draperies on which time and labour had been lavished so freely." The wooden bed familiar to us came later, and there is in the Victoria and Albert Museum the head-board and two posts of a bed of about 1525; on one of the posts is an eagle, the symbol of St. John, the only one remaining of the four evangelists. Have you ever wondered whence came the prayer "Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, bless the bed that I lie on"? Here is the explanation. If the owner made himself comfortable it would appear that he was not necessarily interested in the well-being of his servants; inventories seem to show that even in great houses a mattress and a single sheet was the customary allowance for them, and in 1585 the chamber over the kitchen set apart for their use at Sir W. Ingilby's home contained "five evill beddes with evill furniture" valued at 6s. 8d.

Here's an odd thing: an entry in the Grafton Accounts early in the reign of Elizabeth I. records that a workman was set to stain a bed of inferior wood to look like walnut. A further glimpse of domestic life and its hazards is provided by the autobiography of Mrs. Alice Thornton for the year 1661, her "maid having carelessly stuck the candle at her bed head,

and fell asleepe, soe it fell downe on the pillow and her head, and burned her clothes, and being stifled by the smell it pleased God she awaked and put it out." The panelled backs generally have a ledge,



FORMERLY IN THE POSSESSION OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.: A MAHOGANY EASEL, c. 1760. (Height 6 ft. 2½ ins., width 3 ft. Burlington House, Piccadilly.)

"Sir Joshua Reynolds' mahogany easel preserved at Burlington House . . . shows that they (easels) were sometimes treated as decorative pieces of furniture. . . ."

Illustrations by courtesy of "Country Life," publishers of the book reviewed on this page.

and on those specimens which have survived from the seventeenth century and earlier marks of burning are clearly visible. My Lord Mayor of London ordered a bill to be printed and hung up in every house drawing attention to this, and also to the danger of leaving a warming-pan in the bed. "Seasonable Advice for Preventing the Mischief of Fire."

I could continue quoting and paraphrasing for an hour or so more on beds alone to our mutual profit, but this is a review of a monumental work dealing with every variety of ornament, material and furniture, not to mention personalities (Chippendale, by the way, looms less large in this than in the first edition)—the quotations have been made to indicate the quality of the research which has gone into not merely the article on beds, but into all the others. Even easels, not normally thought of as household furniture, are honoured by a mention and by three illustrations, one of them the easel which belonged to Sir Joshua Reynolds and which belongs to the Royal Academy; another an amusing detail from a fifteenth-century ms. in the British Museum, showing a painter at an easel, with a whole bevy or galaxy of prim little nude models before him.

In addition to notes about things there are excellent short essays upon abstractions such as Egyptian Taste or Regency Taste, containing a remarkable fund of information garnered from contemporary sources; for example, the Zoffany picture of 1772 representing a gathering of English artists and *cognoscenti*, in the Uffizi, is produced as evidence of interest in Egyptian archaeology (an Egyptian sculpture is a prominent object), designs by Piranesi for chimneypieces, and, of course, the result of Napoleon's expedition to Egypt, and the book published by Thomas Hope of Deepdene in 1807. Here is yet another surprising fact culled at haphazard—surprising because we normally think of eighteenth-century cabinet-making as in the hands of a few gifted individuals employing a dozen or so journeymen. In 1786, we learn, George Seddon employed no fewer than 400, including joiners, carvers, gilders, mirror-makers, upholsterers, workers in ormolu and locksmiths. This is big business.



WITH POSTS CARVED WITH CHEVRON PATTERNS AND BOSSES, AND AN EMBATTLED CORNICE, c. 1540-50: A BED OF CARVED OAK. (Height 6 ft. 3 ins., length 6 ft. 9 ins., width 4 ft. 9 ins. Mr. S. W. Wolsey.)

"From the earliest times great attention has been bestowed upon beds, our ancestors spending more money on their construction and decoration than on any other article of furniture." The bed we illustrate shows the appearance of the panelled tester for the first time.

* On this page Frank Davis reviews "The Dictionary of English Furniture from the Middle Ages to the late Georgian Period"; by Percy Macquoid and Ralph Edwards. Revised and enlarged by Ralph Edwards, F.S.A., Keeper of the Department of Woodwork, Victoria and Albert Museum. (Country Life; 3 Volumes; 30 gns. the set.)

THE STORY OF FOUR MONTAGNA PANELS: "LOST", FOUND, RESTORED.



THE NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD, ANNUNCIATION PANELS, BY MONTAGNA: THE ANGEL (ABOVE); AND OUR LADY (BELOW).

AN interesting artistic discovery is illustrated on this page—the finding of two “lost” panels depicting St. Augustine and St. Bartholomew, by Bartolommeo Montagna (1470-1523), which, with two panels in the possession of New College, Oxford, representing the Annunciation, originally formed the doors of an organ-loft. In 1952 a letter from the Bursar of New College appeared in *Country Life* asking if the whereabouts of the two “lost” panels was known to any one. The Westminster Cathedral authorities, noting that the description of the “lost” panels would seem to correspond to two paintings stored in one of the upper Tribunes, invited Messrs. B.O.W.S. & Bartlett to investigate. The panels (9 ft. by 4 ft. 6 ins. each), painted in tempera on a canvas base (probably transferred at some earlier date from wood), had suffered serious deterioration, blistering and flaking as a result of bomb damage to the Cathedral glass. Mr. Elred Bartlett undertook and carried out the work of cleaning and restoration, which has revealed them as the lost panels. They now appear in all their original grandeur, and have been placed in the Great Sacristies of Westminster Cathedral, where they can be seen on application. The Annunciation panels, which hang at the end of the Dining Hall of New College, were acquired in Vicenza or Verona during the early years of the nineteenth century by Mr. E. C. Cheney, who used to travel in Italy with the then Lord Holland. They were taken to Badger Hall, Bridgenorth, where they remained until the place was sold, when the Bursar presented them to New College.



ONE OF THE “LOST” PANELS BEFORE CLEANING AND RESTORATION: ST. BARTHOLOMEW, BY MONTAGNA.



SHOWING THE SERIOUS DETERIORATION IT HAD SUFFERED: ST. AUGUSTINE, WITH TWO SMALL PATCHES CLEANED.



NOW CLEANED AND RESTORED TO ITS ORIGINAL GRANDEUR: ST. BARTHOLOMEW, BY MONTAGNA.



AFTER CLEANING: THE ST. AUGUSTINE PANEL, WHICH, WITH ST. BARTHOLOMEW, NOW HANGS IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THE eighteenth century found its ideal or "perfect" couplet in the following lines:

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full.

As poetry they have become rather tame; but they are not at all a bad description of "A Passage in the Night," by Sholem Asch (Macdonald; 15s.), except that "gentle, yet not dull" may suggest something gentler, and duller. This tale is mildly massive in effect; just like the river of the poem, it is harmonious and full—but it is also gripping as a story. In general terms, the theme is a belated agony of conscience; only the victim is a special case, in that he derives his moral being from one world, and his habitual, adult standards from another. And so the moral reckoning has to embrace the story of his life, and a whole page of social history.

It is the history of the self-made Jew, who has become American but not ceased to be Jewish—and yet whose Jewishness has lost all form on the way up. In Isaac Grossman, the millionaire head of Grossman and Grossman, it is a basic sentiment and little more. As a child on the East Side, he knew what it involved only too well; father, a dim little consumptive tailor, used to rock to and fro, expounding every quillet of the Law and every penalty for its transgression. Isaac was deep in sin, and due to roast or boil in the hereafter, from his tenderest years. Yet even then he was envied by another world, and at the first chance he escaped. Clara and he have lived like Gentiles; she was his "absolute governess," and for her sake he quashed the memory of that first chance—the human sacrifice under the building.

Now in old age he is alone. And with intolerable anguish, in appalling dreams, Kovalsky thrusts his way up to the surface. He must be found; he must be compensated and forgiven. God cannot forgive the sins of man against man—that was what father said. And so Kovalsky *has* to be alive; it is no use suggesting otherwise, or trying to make light of the sin, or proposing a donation to charity. What Isaac *has* to have is the forgiveness of the very man—that Yan Kovalsky whose home was in Springbrook, Connecticut, and whom he wronged on a March day of 1904. But even to the devoted secretary Rose—at first his only confidante—this need and suffering are unintelligible. Indeed, his frantic and hallucinated search for the wronged man serves to convince her that nothing really happened, and his Kovalsky is the dream of a sick mind. That is immediately the view of his own son, and of his doctors and the court, when the affair leaks out. Plainly, it is a case for psychiatric treatment. . . . So Isaac is confined in torture, and nearly brought down to the grave, by a conspiracy of common sense.

The final, healing revelation has great beauty. So has the old man's inner pilgrimage. I won't say he resembles Lear—yet he suggests him, in a milder way.

OTHER FICTION

"The Hidden Heart," by Jane Gillespie (Peter Davies; 12s. 6d.), did not quite charm me, as perhaps it should. For I admit that it is full of excellence. The theme—on an Edwardian background—is a girl's sentimental education, from the dawn of life. There are three major landmarks: "that Tuesday," when she is given a disgust of sex: her therapeutic, innocent seduction by an elderly pianist; and, finally and most important, the loves of her father and her ex-governess Delphine, in which she is both agent and spectator. All this, when expressed briefly, has a dubious air. But nothing could be further from the truth. Father and Delphine are without reproach; he is the kindest, most long-suffering of husbands, though severely tried, and she is a heroic angel. In her nursery days, Charlotte preferred Delphine to mother. And so did Ellis Musgrave; on which account—and perhaps not surprisingly—Laura got rid of her. Their second meeting is years later—when Charlotte, finding her half-extinct with self-devotion after Maman's death, summons her father to the rescue. He goes quite openly, and Laura even tries to sympathise. But it is too much of a strain; from that time forth, all her neurotic outbursts—and she was always subject to them—hinge on "that filthy woman." Still, Ellis never would have left her. She is the one who flounces out, taking her boys, and leaving Charlotte the responsibility for Ellis, who is sick to death. So now Delphine, in turn, comes to the rescue. The child-scenes are all brilliant with reality, and there are many incidental graces.

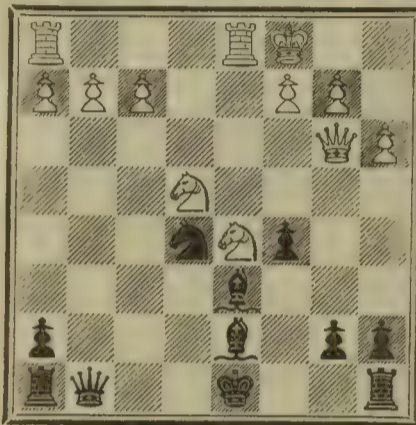
"Simple Takes a Wife," by Langston Hughes (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), returns us happily to nature—nature in Harlem at all hours. There is no shadow of a plot, for Simple's courtship is exceedingly old stuff. It has been running on for years, thanks to the technical impediment of a wife in Baltimore, and a protracted hitch over divorce payments. And it may last a long time yet, with Joyce in dudgeon, and Simple on his old routine—hanging round all the bars, wasting his money on Zarita, and holding forth on a variety of topics to a "colleged" friend. "Womens" and race are his two stand-bys; but they are constantly relieved, never approached the same way twice, and, consequently, never stale. There is a wealth of comedy, and an amazing flow of life; even the bitterness and hardship have a lively turn. And yet without the idiom, all would be vain. In fact, it would be inconceivable. It is the language that creates the book.

"The Small Hotel," by Edward Morris (Geoffrey Bles; 9s. 6d.), is about a "lady-killer." Such stories are nearly always good; and this is good in a new way. For in George Hallam we have no competent, repeating smoothie, but, as it were, a casual switherer. So far, he has only parted two middle-aged women from their all—though, to be sure, one put her head in a gas-oven. But after six weeks with Mrs. Crosby at Buxton he is getting desperate. She simply won't hand over; yet he can't bring himself to write her off. Anyhow, she *deserves* strong measures. . . . When it is all fixed up, he bolts off on another trail—and slap into his ex-friend Byron, an enormous, gloomy clown out for his blood. So after that he has no choice. But there was never a more feckless job; the working-up process, the run of crosses and delays, the harrowing aftermath make one's heart bleed.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

LEYBURN, in Wensleydale, in the heart of the Green Howard country, is becoming almost a home-from-home to me. For the fourth time since the war they invited me to give a simultaneous display there recently. Darlington and Northallerton joined forces with them. I took Black in half the games; and one of these games as Black produced a position which provided my genial host, the Rev. A. P. Durrant, and me with two hours of delighted analysis and could have kept us engrossed all day.



B. H. Wood (Black).

This was the position which I recalled afterwards. I had won a piece but distinctly recall how, at this stage, I was brought up with a jerk by the realisation how much it had cost me. My king has moved so that I cannot castle. My black square bishop is *en prise*, and if I move it to escape the knight's attentions, the power of White's rook along the file to my king can be all too easily unmasked, for example, by Kt(Q5)—B6, etc. My queen is imprisoning my own king's rook and my QKtP is *en prise* to White's queen.

In such a critical situation, attack is not only the best, but the only, defence, so I resolved to give up two more pawns to get another piece (my rook) into play.

1. P-B5
2. Q×KtP R-Kt1
3. Q×RP

What now? The position is worth half an hour's examination, but I have nineteen other opponents waiting for a move from me, so can only give it a minute at most. I have a resource, however, which has been in reserve ever since 1. . . . P-B5:

3. Kt-Q6ch!

Now 4. P×Kt, Q×Kt would leave me comfortable—e.g., 5. P×P, B-B5ch and now if 6. K-Kt1? Q×Ktch or if 6. Kt-Q2, Q-K4; best seems 5. Kt×B, Q×Kt; 6. P×P, Q-B2 with five pawns for the piece but none so far advanced that a win for White is likely. So . . .

4. R×Kt P×R

5. Kt(Q5)—B6

Nobody could blame White for going for this position. He threatens—merely!—6. Q×B mate or 6. Kt×Q or 6. Kt(K4)×B.

6. K-Kt1 5. B-B5ch

7. K-R1 P×Pch

Not 7. K×P? because of 7. . . . Q-QKt6ch. Now—what a blessing!—White's Q1 is uninhabitable.

7. Q-Kt2

8. Q-Q4 It is suddenly White whose situation is desperate.

8. Q-R5ch is an alternative, interesting but ineffectual: e.g., 8. . . . K-K2; 9. Q-QB5ch, K-B2 and now 10. Kt×B? Q×QKtP mate or 10. Q-Q5ch, B-K3 are equally useless.

9. R×Q 8. P-B8(Q)ch

and White is now quite lost. What a *volte face*. But no case of *dolce far niente*!

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ADVENTURES IN ASIA AND ALASKA.

LIEUT.-COLONEL A. LOCKE, the author of "The Tigers of Trengganu" (Museum; 16s.), repeatedly refers in his book to Jim Corbett's "grand book" "The Man-eaters of Kumaon." I agree with him. That book is to be bracketed first with "The Man-eaters of Tsavo" and the late Sir Alfred Pease's "The Book of the Lion," among exciting factual stories about the greater cats. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, High Commissioner in Malaya, rightly says that he thinks that "this book is likely to become a Malayan classic." Colonel Locke was a District Officer for a couple of years in Trengganu, a remote state in North-Eastern Malaya. There he found that the villagers and their domestic animals were equally threatened by tigers. It was with reluctance—for his admiration for the tiger, that ferocious but beautiful beast, is great—that he had to kill them when they deserted their

normal diet of wild game in the forest and took to preying on the villagers' cattle, or, in the case of two man-eaters, on the villagers themselves. Colonel Locke points out that the Malayan tiger is, on an average, a foot shorter from nose to tail-tip than his famous Bengal opposite number. His hide is definitely less shaggy, but his beauty and ferocity compare in every way with his Indian counterpart. Colonel Locke is one of those agreeable writers who tell a tale in a straightforward manner, without frills or embellishments, but who have such a good story to tell that it gains by this austerity. The book is illustrated by some excellent photographs and also by sketches made by the Colonel himself. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald commends one passage which to my mind gives the quality of the whole book. Colonel Locke writes: "I commend . . . the lone wait in darkness on a platform placed just high enough to permit a tiger to walk beneath it if he comes that way, and the subsequent follow up of the wounded animal in the dark. Let the scene of the hunt be a mile or two from the nearest habitation, in an area which Communist terrorists are known to frequent, and I maintain that the average sportsman should not feel too ashamed of himself when the tiger is dead." Indeed not. One point of interest to big-game hunters is Colonel Locke's disbelief in the theory that you should leave half an hour before following up a wounded animal. His view, and it seems to me to be reasonable, is that, given the terrific impact of modern high-velocity weapons, the time that an injured animal is least dangerous is when it is still suffering from the shock and the numbing of the blow. A modern sporting rifle has such hitting power that I feel sure the Colonel is right. I myself once shot a Spanish ibex in the Gredos Mountains. The impact of the bullet threw the animal a good 4 or 5 ft. into the air.

"Men Against the Jungle," by Ritchie Calder (Allen and Unwin; 15s.), is a very different type of book. It is a description of a long journey through seven Asian countries undertaken by Mr. Calder, the well-known journalist, on behalf of the Specialised Agencies of the United Nations. Mr. Calder is an idealist. He writes with vivid and lively enthusiasm of the countries he visited and the magnificent work being carried out in them by the international team of scientists and doctors of both sexes who are working devotedly to endeavour to minimise disease and decrease poverty in these countries. Mr. Calder says: "It is an adventure book but, I suggest, an unconventional one. It is a book of exploration, not to discover new lands but to discover age-old, human problems. . . . This, I assure you, was a Journey into Hope. We have seen the smile on the face of a jungle mother when her dying baby was saved by penicillin. We have seen the ploughshare upturn the soil of a jungle, held by the tigers, the wild elephants, and the cobras, in fief to the mosquito, for a thousand years. We have seen the jungle in retreat." Mr. Ritchie Calder and his friends and collaborators are greatly to be admired and yet (and I would claim to be by nature a kind-hearted man), I wonder. Mr. Calder may be right in indignantly rejecting the neo-Malthusian argument that the white man's efforts to save and prolong life can only, in the end, lead to greater poverty and universal famine. It is a modern fallacy to believe that all questions have answers, that every problem has its solution. Mr. Calder is obviously right in saying that it is intolerable to withhold the benefits of modern science from the poverty-stricken myriads of the east, but he brushes aside, if I may say so, altogether too optimistically, the consequences. It is all very well for Mr. Calder to quote Lord Boyd-Orr in support of his optimism, but if my memory serves me right, it was Lord Boyd-Orr who, not so long ago, first pointed out the dangers of an over-populated and starving world. I do not know what the answer is, and I am sure Mr. Calder does not, either. A valuable and disturbing book which should be read by any politician who looks further ahead than the next division bell.

There is nothing to disturb, but much to fascinate and amuse and interest in "Halibut Schooner," by Lyman R. Ellsworth (Thames and Hudson; 15s.). Mr. Ellsworth has no literary graces whatsoever, but his story, that of one of the few fishing boats to operate in Alaskan waters during the winter, is as lively and carefree a tale of adventure as anyone could wish. His companions were Scandinavians, Swedes, Norwegians and Swedish-Finns, so tough that one is not at all surprised that Erik the Red was able to make a crossing of the Atlantic in his long-ship centuries before Columbus. I have seen the Scandinavians on the spree and watched them with awe and wonderment. For students of toughness and alcoholic capacity I recommend particularly the chapter on the Swedish-Finnish wedding. For drama I recommend the story of the occasion when the schooner *Explorer* started to ice-up in a storm. We are all of us familiar with occasional pictures of one of the great ocean liners coming into a North American port in winter coated in ice. It never occurred to me before that to a small vessel lying low in the water the steady accumulation of that ice could threaten her with sinking. The book is colloquial, racy and stimulating. I greatly enjoyed it.

Factual and dryly statistical as it is, the "Year Book and Guide to Southern Africa," by A. Gordon-Brown (Hale; 9s. 6d.) makes one wish that fate would put one on a Union Castle boat to those parts. Here you will find all you wish to know about countries of Africa to the south of the Equator. You can, if you wish, learn about everything, from social clubs to the activities of the nastier type of snakes.

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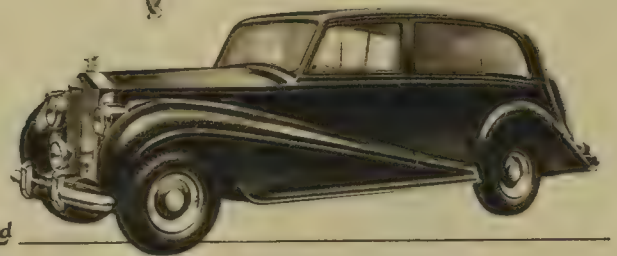
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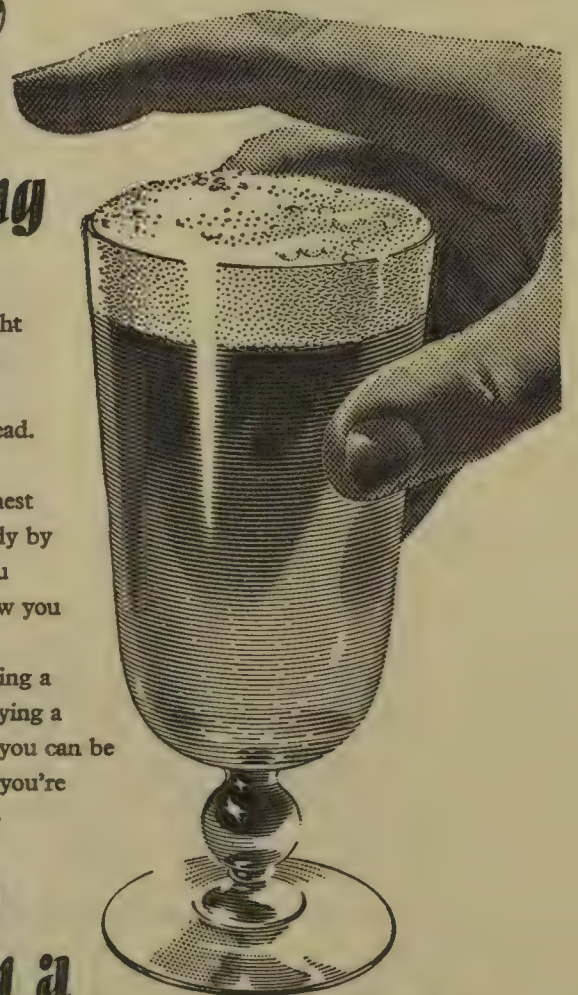
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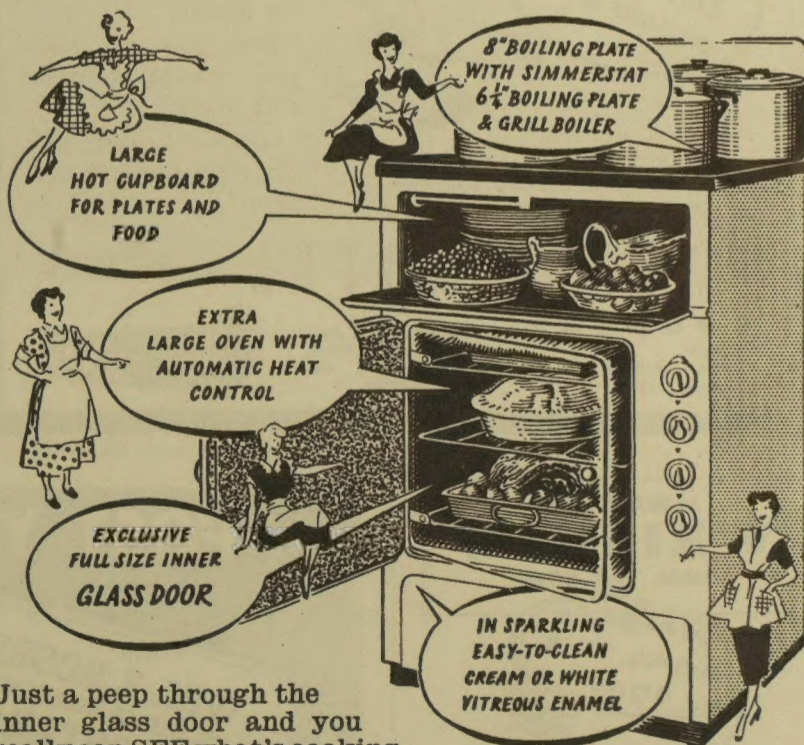
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